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A VITAL BOOK

PLASTIC MAN IN THE Game of Death!

4 Full Length PLASTIC MAN Picture Stories!

HE STRETCHES, SHRINKS AND BENDS!!

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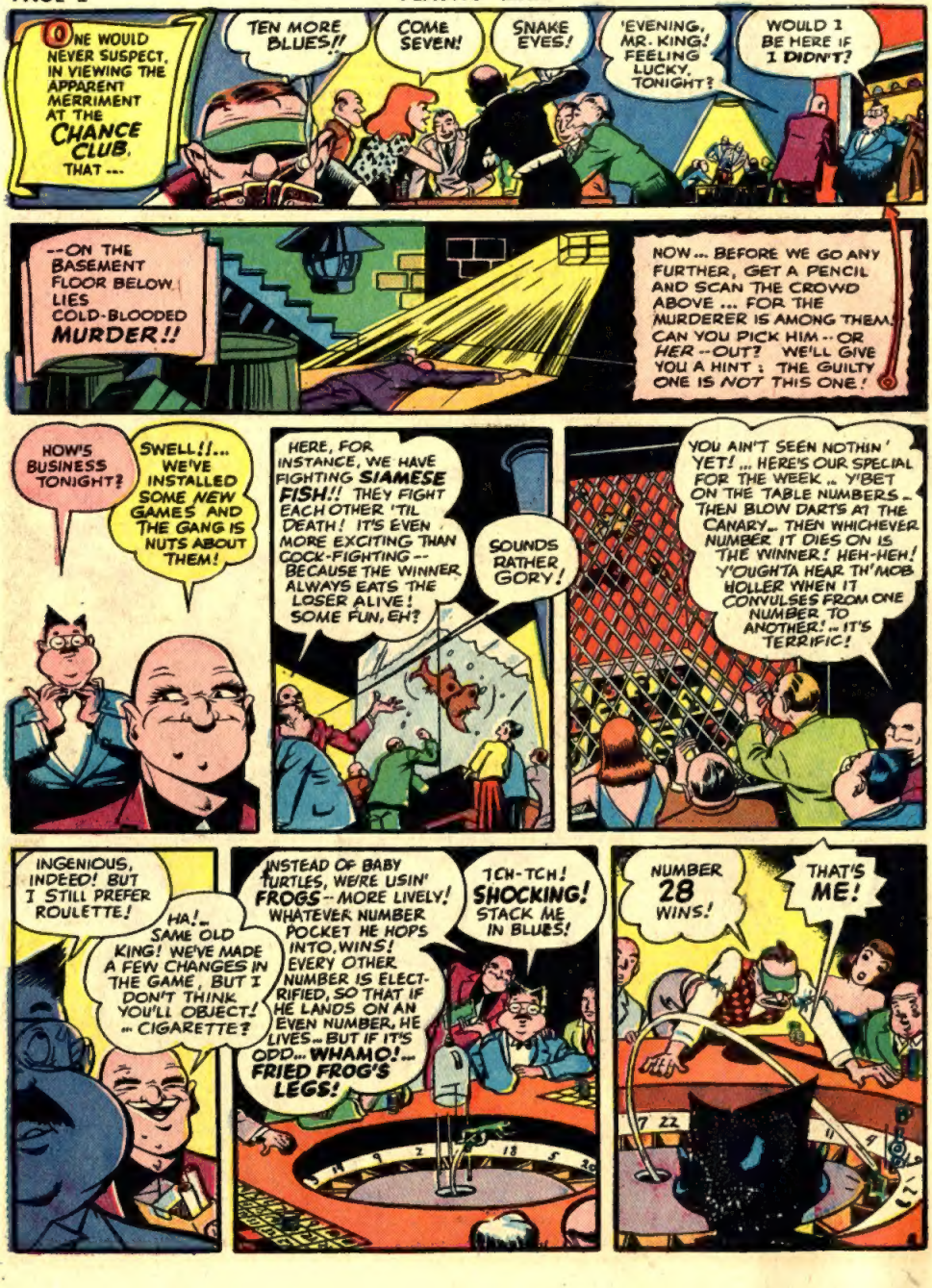
PLASTIC MAN

by JACK COLE

TO OUR NEW READERS:
IF YOU SHOULD SEE A MAN STANDING ON THE STREET AND REACHING INTO THE TOP WINDOW OF A SKY-SCRAPER ... THAT'S NOT ASTIGMATISM -- IT'S **PLASTIC MAN!** ... IF YOU HAPPEN UPON A GENT ALL BENT UP LIKE A PRETZEL -- DON'T DUNK HIM ... IT'S **PLASTIC MAN!** ALL THIS AND BOUNCING, TOO, YOU'LL SEE WHEN THE *RUBBER MAN* AND HIS PAL, **WOOZY WINKS**, GAMBLE THEIR LIVES IN :—

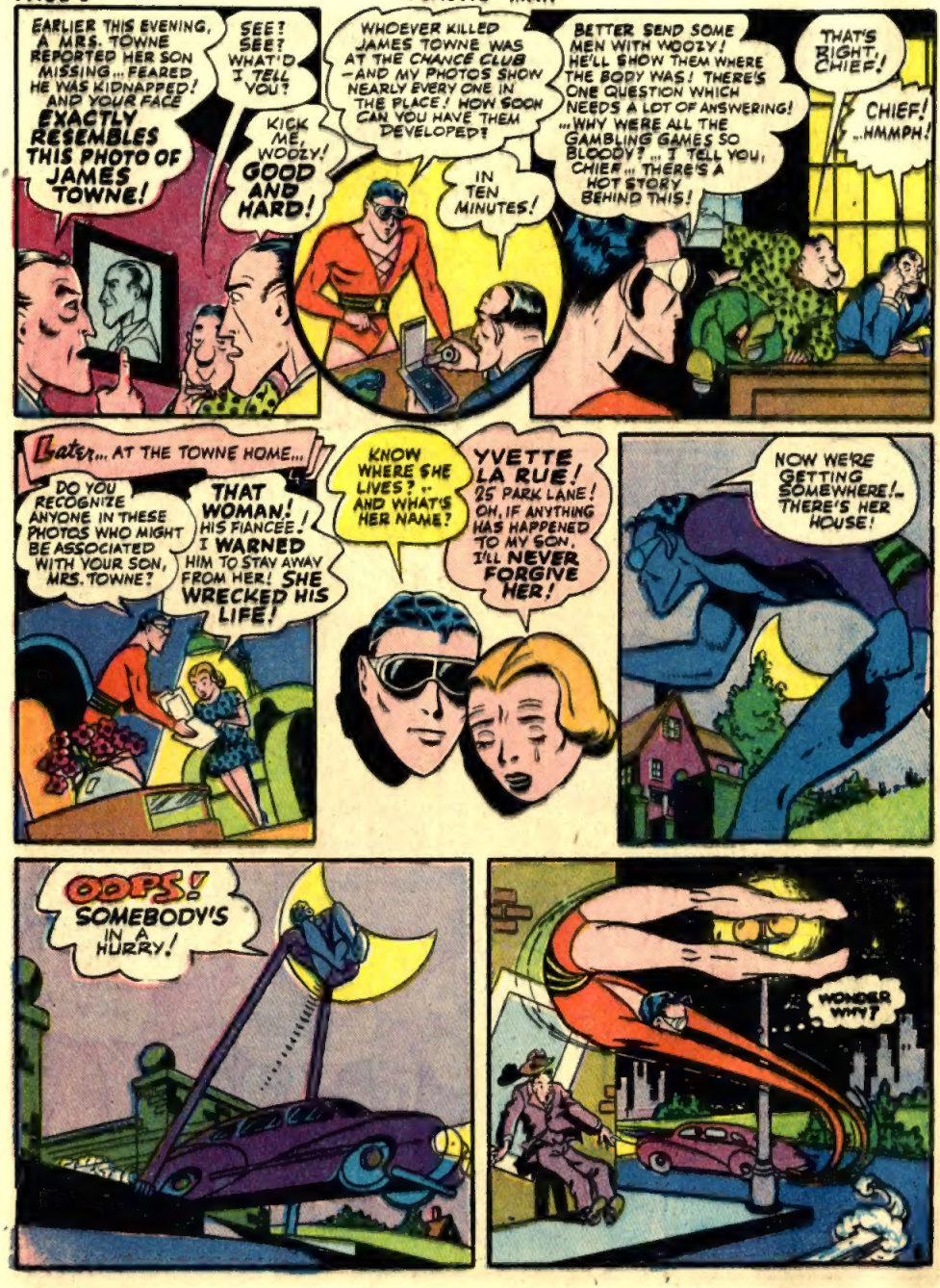
THE GAME OF DEATH


ONE WOULD NEVER SUSPECT, IN VIEWING THE APPARENT MERRIMENT AT THE CHANCE CLUB, THAT ---
TEN MORE BLUES!!
COME SEVEN!
SNAKE EYES!
'EVENING, MR. KING! FEELING LUCKY, TONIGHT?
WOULD I BE HERE IF I DIDN'T?
--ON THE BASEMENT FLOOR BELOW LIES COLD-BLOODED MURDER!!
NOW... BEFORE WE GO ANY FURTHER, GET A PENCIL AND SCAN THE CROWD ABOVE ... FOR THE MURDERER IS AMONG THEM. CAN YOU PICK HIM -- OR HER -- OUT? WE'LL GIVE YOU A HINT: THE GUILTY ONE IS NOT THIS ONE!
HOW'S BUSINESS TONIGHT?
SWELL!!... WE'VE INSTALLED SOME NEW GAMES AND THE GANG IS NUTS ABOUT THEM!
HERE, FOR INSTANCE, WE HAVE FIGHTING SIAMESE FISH!! THEY FIGHT EACH OTHER 'TIL DEATH! IT'S EVEN MORE EXCITING THAN COCK-FIGHTING -- BECAUSE THE WINNER ALWAYS EATS THE LOSER ALIVE! SOME FUN, EH?
SOUNDS RATHER GORY!
YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET! ... HERE'S OUR SPECIAL FOR THE WEEK .. Y'BET ON THE TABLE NUMBERS - THEN BLOW DARTS AT THE CANARY... THEN WHICHEVER NUMBER IT DIES ON IS THE WINNER! HEH-HEH! Y'OUGHTA HEAR TH' MOB HOLLER WHEN IT CONVULSES FROM ONE NUMBER TO ANOTHER! -- IT'S TERRIFIC!
INGENIOUS, INDEED! BUT I STILL PREFER ROULETTE!
HA!... SAME OLD KING! WE'VE MADE A FEW CHANGES IN THE GAME, BUT I DON'T THINK YOU'LL OBJECT! -- CIGARETTE?
INSTEAD OF BABY TURTLES, WE'RE USIN' FROGS -- MORE LIVELY! WHATEVER NUMBER POCKET HE HOPS INTO, WINS! EVERY OTHER NUMBER IS ELECTRIFIED, SO THAT IF HE LANDS ON AN EVEN NUMBER, HE LIVES... BUT IF IT'S ODD... WHAMO!... FRIED FROG'S LEGS!
TCH-TCH! SHOCKING! STACK ME IN BLUES!
NUMBER 28 WINS!
THAT'S ME!

N-NUMBER 16!!??
WELL... WHAT DO YOU KNOW?.. I'VE WON TWICE IN A ROW!
ONE HOUR LATER...
MY NUMBER AGAIN! SAY.. THIS IS MY LUCKY NIGHT!
C-CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! NO MATTER WHAT DIRECTION TH' FROG JUMPS IN, IT ALWAYS LANDS ON HIS NUMBER! IT'S UNCANNY!
I'LL PAY YOU OFF IN MY OFFICE, MR. KING!
TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS! IMAGINE MY WINNING ALL THAT!! HOW DID I EVER DO IT?
PRECISELY WHAT I WAS ABOUT TO ASK YOU!
WHY, MR. SHARP! YOU'RE ANGRY! POOR LOSER?
ORDINARILY NO -- BUT WHEN A FROG JUMPS INTO YOUR NUMBER TWENTY TIMES IN A ROW, THAT AIN'T A COINCIDENCE... IT'S SABOTAGE! HOW DID YOU DO IT?
YOU MEAN THIS ??
WHA --- ??
ZIP
IT'S JUST A STRONG LITTLE BATTERY OPERATED MAGNET I HELD UNDER THE TABLE AT MY NUMBER!
DON'T FEED ME THAT! A MAGNET WON'T ATTRACT A FROG!
IT WILL. IF YOU FEED THE FROG A LITTLE STEEL BUCK-SHOT!
PRETTY CLEVER! YOU DON'T MIND IF CHARLIE DROPS IN TO SEE IT, DO YOU? .. CHARLIE'S MY CHIEF BOUNCER!
MY!... SO HE IS!!
??? P-P-PLASTIC MAN!!!
NOW, WHATEVER GAVE YOU THAT IDEA?
TONY!! MIKE!! QUICK!!!

YES... COME IN, BOYS! I WAS JUST EXPLAINING TO YOUR BOSS THE MECHANISM OF MY LITTLE GADGET, HERE... YOU JUST PRESS THE BUTTON AND THE DARNEDEST THINGS HAPPEN!
GET 'IM!!
IT EVEN ATTRACTS TEETH FILLINGS!
ANK!
KOTZ!
Meanwhile... JUST OUTSIDE...
WHADDA YA MEAN, NOT ALLOWED INSIDE? THIS IS A FREE COUNTRY, AIN'T IT? ... AS A TAXPAYER, I DEMAND....
SCRAM!
TH' BIG LUG!... I JUS' GOTTA GET IN TO HELP PLAS CLEAN UP THAT GAMBLING DEN!... BUT HOW?... THERE AIN'T NO OTHER ENTRANCE... UNLESS --- MEBBE --- THERE'S A SECRET...
... DOOR!
...OW!
GOSH!... I'M SORRY, SIR! I DIDN'T MEAN TO KNOCK YOU DOWN!
LET ME HELP YOU--- LOOKS!! HE... HE..... HE'S DEAD!! I'VE KILLED HIM!!
PLAS!... PLAS!... PLAS!
DID HE SAY POLICE!
LET ME OUTA HERE!
WHAT ELSE! IT'S A RAID!
GANG. WAY!!

ONE MINUTE Later...
NEW YEAR'S EVE AT TIMES SQUARE! HOW I LOVE IT!
HAPPY NEW YEAR, EVERYBODY!!... SEASON'S GREETIN'S! WOW! WHAT WAS IN THAT "SASSPARILLA"?
HMMM!
WH-WHERE-- OH, IT'S YOU!!
WHO DID YOU EXPECT? ...LADY GODIVA? WHAT WAS ALL THAT YELLING ABOUT?
WHO... ME?? WHY I NEVER--- OMIGOSH!! NOW IT COMES BACK!
LISTEN, PLAS!... YOU GOTTA ARREST ME!!... I--I JUST NOW KILLED A MAN!... SNAP THE BRACELETS ON ME! ... I'M A MURDERER! OH, THE SHAME OF IT ALL! SNIFF... COME! I'LL SHOW YOU THE HABEAS CORPUS!
ARE YOU NUTS!
THERE HE IS!... STRUCK DEAD BY ME... KILLER WINKS! SOB HE PROBABLY LEFT A WIFE AN' TEN KIDS! --- TEN SEMI-ORPHANS --TO STARVE! SNIFF-SNIFF.
YEAH--- SURE! AND NO DOUBT THE BODY JUST LEFT ON THE 5:15 FOR SHANGRI-LA!
GONE?? BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I TELL YA, I FELL ON A MAN HERE AND KILLED HIM!
IF YOUR NONSENSE HAS ALLOWED SHARP AND HIS GOONS TO RECOVER AND ESCAPE, THERE'LL REALLY BE A MURDER AROUND HERE!
MINUTES LATER, AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS....
HAVE A HEART, PLAS! I SWEAR HE WAS DEAD! WHY, HIS BODY WAS ICY COLD!
IN THE FIRST PLACE, IF YOU HAD JUST KILLED HIM, THE BODY'D BE WARM... IF THERE WAS A BODY!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
BY GUM! THAT'S RIGHT! ... THEN SOMEBODY ELSE MURDERED 'IM!
ER--ER-- NOTHING, CHIEF! I ONLY LET THE CHANCE CLUB OPERATORS GET AWAY, THAT'S ALL!
ESCAPED, EH? PLASTIC, YOU'RE SLIPPING!
IT WAS MY FAULT, CHIEF!... BUT, HONEST, I SAW A CORPSE THAT VANISHED! IT LOOKED JUST LIKE---
?
THIS!
DON'T CALL ME CHIEF! AND GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE-- --- BY JOVE!!


EARLIER THIS EVENING, A MRS. TOWNE REPORTED HER SON MISSING... FEARED HE WAS KIDNAPPED! AND YOUR FACE EXACTLY RESEMBLES THIS PHOTO OF JAMES TOWNE!
SEE! SEE! WHAT'D I TELL YOU?
KICK ME, WOOZY! GOOD AND HARD!
WHOEVER KILLED JAMES TOWNE WAS AT THE CHANCE CLUB —AND MY PHOTOS SHOW NEARLY EVERY ONE IN THE PLACE! HOW SOON CAN YOU HAVE THEM DEVELOPED?
IN TEN MINUTES!
BETTER SEND SOME MEN WITH WOOZY! HE'LL SHOW THEM WHERE THE BODY WAS! THERE'S ONE QUESTION WHICH NEEDS A LOT OF ANSWERING! ...WHY WERE ALL THE GAMBLING GAMES SO BLOODY? ... I TELL YOU, CHIEF... THERE'S A HOT STORY BEHIND THIS!
THAT'S RIGHT, CHIEF!
CHIEF! ..HMMPH!
Later... AT THE TOWNE HOME...
DO YOU RECOGNIZE ANYONE IN THESE PHOTOS WHO MIGHT BE ASSOCIATED WITH YOUR SON, MRS. TOWNE?
THAT WOMAN! HIS FIANCEE! I WARNED HIM TO STAY AWAY FROM HER! SHE WRECKED HIS LIFE!
KNOW WHERE SHE LIVES? .. AND WHAT'S HER NAME?
YVETTE LA RUE! 25 PARK LANE! OH, IF ANYTHING HAS HAPPENED TO MY SON, I'LL NEVER FORGIVE HER!
NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE!.. THERE'S HER HOUSE!
OOPS! SOMEBODY'S IN A HURRY!
WONDER WHY?

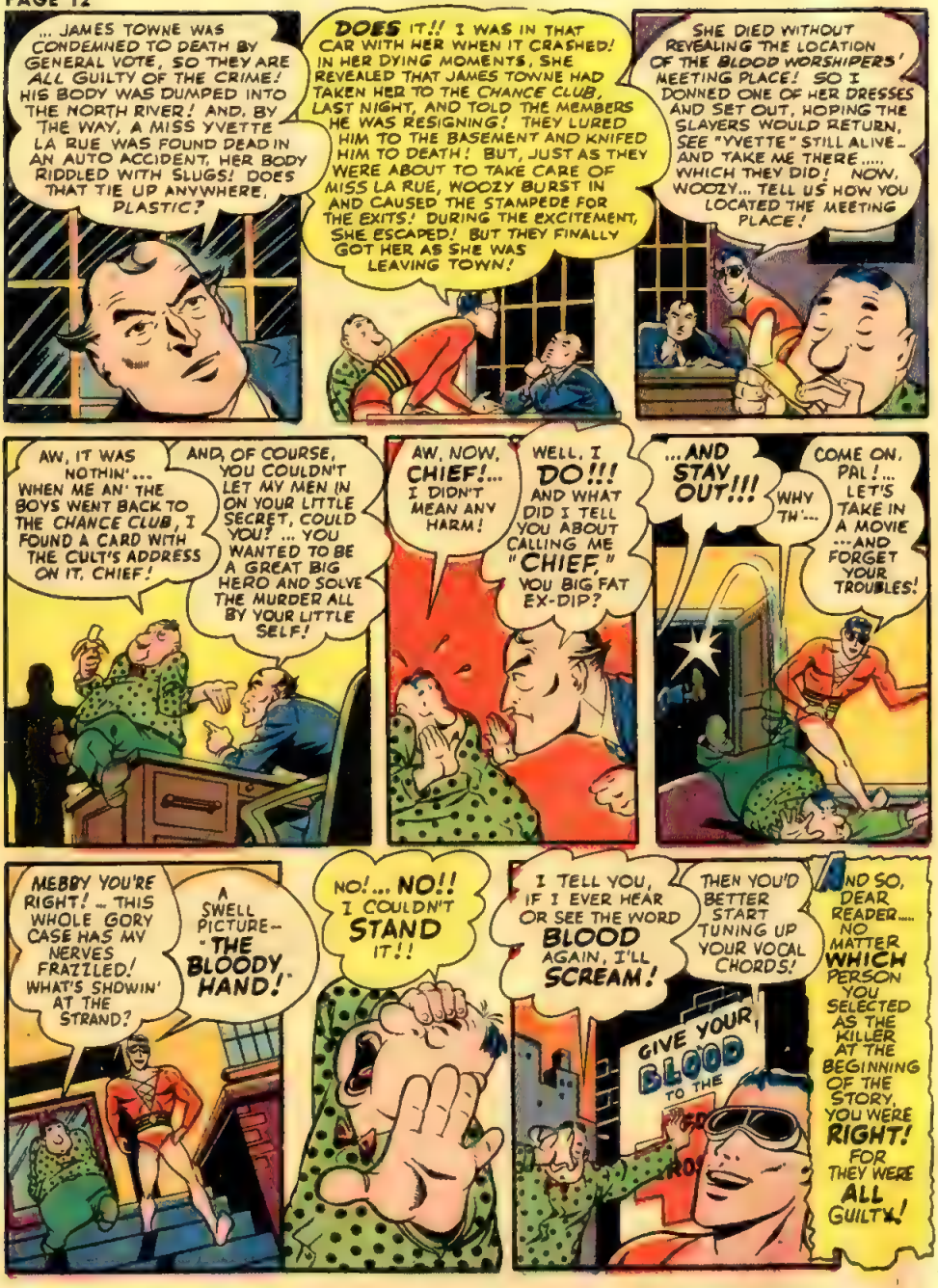
LEAVING TOWN, MISS LA RUE? ...OR DO YOU ALWAYS PACK YOUR BAGS FOR A TRIP TO THE DRUG STORE?
HUH?? ULP!
WHAT D'YOU WANT, COPPER?
WHY DID YOU KILL JAMES TOWNE?
JIMMY... DEAD?? ...OH, NO!! THEY WOULDN'T DARE!
QUITE AN ACT, MISS LA RUE! ...EVER GO IN FOR AMATEUR THEATRICALS?
I DIDN'T DO IT!... BUT I KNOW WHO DID... THE SWINE!
HE WAS KILLED BY--- OOOOOOOOH!
TAT-TAT TAT TAT TAT TAT
THE CAR SWERVES - OUT OF CONTROL, AND ...
CRASH
... THEN, SILENCE!!
FINALLY, ONLY ONE FIGURE EMERGES -- THAT OF YVETTE LA RUE!
MUST -- HURRY! THEY'LL BE BACK!

NO! NO!!
TAT TAT TAT
TAT TAT TAT TAT TAT
S'MATTER, MISS NYLONS!... RIVETING AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR YA?
OH... I THOUGHT---
EEEEEEEK!
YOO HOO! GOING MY WAY, BABE?
ER--NO, THANK YOU!
THEY'RE NEAR! ... I FEEL IT!
HELLLLP!
MMMMMMFFD...!
ALL RIGHT, TONY!... HEADQUARTERS!
HERE SHE IS, OH, MYSTIC ONE!
EXCELLENT!... LEAVE HER WITH ME AND JOIN THE OTHERS IN THE ARENA!

MISS LA RUE, I AM DISAPPOINTED! YOU WERE INVITED TO JOIN OUR MOST SECRET SOCIETY OF BLOOD WORSHIPERS! WE WELCOMED YOU TO OUR MEETINGS, PERMITTED YOU THE SANGUINARY PLEASURES OF OUR CHANCE CLUB --- YET, YOU REBELLED! NOT ONLY THAT...YOU PERSUADED JAMES TOWNE, A CHARTER MEMBER, TO RESIGN! THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY OUT OF THIS CLUB, MISS LA RUE! ...VIOLENT DEATH!
BUT BEFORE YOU--ER--RESIGN, I SHALL GRANT YOU THE RIGHT OF ALL NEW MEMBERS ..... TO PARTICIPATE IN THE ANNUAL GAME OF DEATH! ... COME!!
EACH CONTESTANT IS GIVEN A WHIP!--MEN AGAINST MEN, WOMEN AGAINST WOMEN! THE FIRST TO FALL IS SACRIFICED TO THE GODDESS OF BLOOD!!
AT A GIVEN SIGNAL, THE CRUEL GAME BEGINS! ... HUMAN BEINGS FIGHTING LIKE ANIMALS FOR THE RIGHT TO LIVE!!
AT LENGTH, ONE WEAKENS..... YVETTE! THE OTHERS RUSH IN FOR THE KILL!
A FALL!
CONGRATULATIONS, MISS LA RUE!
CLEAR THE ARENA AND DRESS YOUR WOUNDS!--ALL EXCEPT YOU, MISS LA RUE! THE GAME OF DEATH IS ONLY BEGINNING!

SOON THE PATCHED-UP FANATICS CIRCLE THE ARENA! ...
BEFORE YOU DIE, HAVE YOU ANY LAST WORDS, MISS LA RUE? NO? ... VERY WELL, RELEASE THE TIGER!
ON SECOND THOUGHT, I DO HAVE A STATEMENT TO MAKE -- ONLY IT WON'T BE MY LAST!
W-WHY— IT'S PLASTIC MAN!!
WE'VE BEEN TRICKED!
HA-HA! ... YOU MEAN HE'S BEEN TRICKED! HE CAN'T ESCAPE FROM THAT TIGER!
THAT'S RIGHT! GO AHEAD, PLASTIC MAN! YELL YOUR HEAD OFF! IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD!
HOW SUCH A BARBARIC CULT EVER TOOK ROOT IS MORE THAN A SANE MIND CAN IMAGINE! BUT I DO KNOW THIS ---
A CREED OF TORTURE AND DEATH IS DOOMED AT ITS BIRTH! LIKE A PLAGUE, IT RUNS ITS SHORT COURSE, DOES ITS DAMAGE AND THEN KICKS THE BUCKET!
THE WORLD IS TOO SMALL AND LIFE TOO SHORT TO TOLERATE ANY SUCH MURDEROUS CLIQUE AS YOURS! WHEN A GUY HAS TO LIVE WITH A KNIFE AT HIS BACK ---
SNAP!
--- THE TIME HAS COME TO TRADE THE GOLDEN RULE IN FOR THE MARQUIS OF QUEENSBURY RULES! SEE WHAT I MEAN?
YOU'VE HAD YOUR SAY! NOW WE'LL HAVE OURS! ... KILL THE DOG!
STOP!! I'VE JUST RECEIVED WORD THAT THE POLICE ARE HEADED HERE! ALL OF YOU GO TO 620 MAIN STREET! I'LL DISPOSE OF PLASTIC MAN, MYSELF!
10

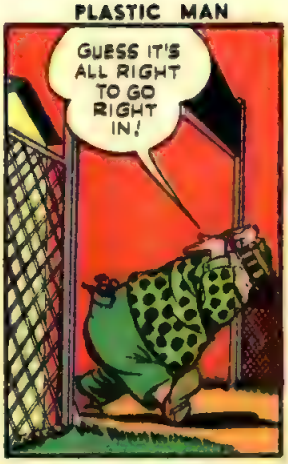
AND NOW MISTER PLASTIC MAN... YOU'RE AT MY MERCY!
THIS ENCLOSURE ISN'T AS CONFINING AS YOU MAY THINK!!
OINK!
THE BALL IS OVER, SWEETHEART-- TIME TO UNMASK!!... ...??? WOOZY!!!
AW... YOU NEVER LET ME HAVE ANY FUN!
HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN IN THAT RIG? ...AND WHAT WAS THE BRIGHT IDEA IN LETTING THEM GET AWAY?
NOW, DON'T GET ALL HET UP! ...IF YOU WEREN'T PUNCH DRUNK FROM THAT TIGER, YOU'D HAVE REALIZED THE ADDRESS I SENT THEM TO IS RIGHT ACROSS FROM THE F.B.I. OFFICES! NOW, IT'LL BE SIMPLE TO HAVE THE BOYS PICK 'EM UP!
I GOT HERE WHILE YOU WERE GIVIN' YOUR ILLUSTRATED LECTURE! ... I KONKED THE LEADER ON THE BEAN AN' SLIPPED ON THIS K.K.K. EVENING GOWN!
WOOZY! I'M PROUD OF YOU! BUT THE LEADER-- WHERE IS HE?
IT'S NOT A HE... IT'S A HER!!
MRS. TOWNE! THEN SHE CONDEMNED HER OWN SON TO DEATH!!
THIS MESS IS MORE CONFUSING THAN EVER! LET'S GO DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS AND SEE IF WE CAN FIT THE PIECES TOGETHER!... MRS. TOWNE!! I NEVER WOULD HAVE BELIEVED IT!!!
SOME NIGHT, HEY, PAL?
Later - AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS...
WE GOT A FULL CONFESSION OF GUILT FROM THE CULT MEMBERS, PLASTIC! IT SEEMS THEY OPERATED THE CHANCE CLUB AS A SORT OF RECRUITING STATION FOR NEW MEMBERS -- TO FIND OUT HOW RECEPTIVE THEY WERE TO IDEAS OF CRUELTY!


... JAMES TOWNE WAS CONDEMNED TO DEATH BY GENERAL VOTE, SO THEY ARE ALL GUILTY OF THE CRIME! HIS BODY WAS DUMPED INTO THE NORTH RIVER! AND, BY THE WAY, A MISS YVETTE LA RUE WAS FOUND DEAD IN AN AUTO ACCIDENT, HER BODY RIDDLED WITH SLUGS! DOES THAT TIE UP ANYWHERE, PLASTIC?
DOES IT!! I WAS IN THAT CAR WITH HER WHEN IT CRASHED! IN HER DYING MOMENTS, SHE REVEALED THAT JAMES TOWNE HAD TAKEN HER TO THE CHANCE CLUB, LAST NIGHT, AND TOLD THE MEMBERS HE WAS RESIGNING! THEY LURED HIM TO THE BASEMENT AND KNIFED HIM TO DEATH! BUT, JUST AS THEY WERE ABOUT TO TAKE CARE OF MISS LA RUE, WOOZY BURST IN AND CAUSED THE STAMPEDE FOR THE EXITS! DURING THE EXCITEMENT, SHE ESCAPED! BUT THEY FINALLY GOT HER AS SHE WAS LEAVING TOWN!
SHE DIED WITHOUT REVEALING THE LOCATION OF THE BLOOD WORSHIPERS' MEETING PLACE! SO I DONNED ONE OF HER DRESSES AND SET OUT, HOPING THE SLAYERS WOULD RETURN, SEE "YVETTE" STILL ALIVE.. AND TAKE ME THERE..... WHICH THEY DID! NOW, WOOZY... TELL US HOW YOU LOCATED THE MEETING PLACE!
AW, IT WAS NOTHIN'... WHEN ME AN' THE BOYS WENT BACK TO THE CHANCE CLUB, I FOUND A CARD WITH THE CULT'S ADDRESS ON IT, CHIEF!
AND, OF COURSE, YOU COULDN'T LET MY MEN IN ON YOUR LITTLE SECRET, COULD YOU? ... YOU WANTED TO BE A GREAT BIG HERO AND SOLVE THE MURDER ALL BY YOUR LITTLE SELF!
AW, NOW, CHIEF!... I DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM!
WELL, I DO!!! AND WHAT DID I TELL YOU ABOUT CALLING ME "CHIEF," YOU BIG FAT EX-DIP?
...AND STAY OUT!!!
WHY TH'...
COME ON, PAL!... LET'S TAKE IN A MOVIE ...AND FORGET YOUR TROUBLES!
MEBBY YOU'RE RIGHT! -- THIS WHOLE GORY CASE HAS MY NERVES FRAZZLED! WHAT'S SHOWIN' AT THE STRAND?
A SWELL PICTURE-- "THE BLOODY HAND!"
NO!... NO!! I COULDN'T STAND IT!!
I TELL YOU, IF I EVER HEAR OR SEE THE WORD BLOOD AGAIN, I'LL SCREAM!
THEN YOU'D BETTER START TUNING UP YOUR VOCAL CHORDS!
GIVE YOUR BLOOD TO THE
ND SO, DEAR READER.... NO MATTER WHICH PERSON YOU SELECTED AS THE KILLER AT THE BEGINNING OF THE STORY, YOU WERE RIGHT! FOR THEY WERE ALL GUILTY!

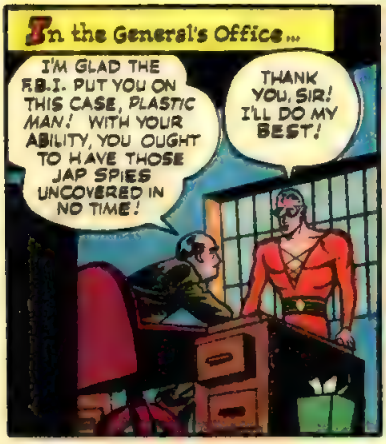
PLASTIC MAN
WOOZY!
DON'T MIND HIM, FOLKS!.. HE'S JUST CHURNED UP 'CAUSE HE LOST HIS BODY! ... AND I, WOOZY WINKS, THE GREAT INVENTOR, AM THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS WHERE IT IS!
BY JACK COLE

AT the entrance to an ARMY CAMP, somewhere in the U.S.A. ...
?
I'M SEEIN' THINGS!
H-H-H-H-H-H-H-H-H-HALT!!
MAKE WAY, MY GOOD MAN!
D-D-DON'T COME NEAR M-M-ME! ... I--I'LL SHOOT!
WHAT SORT OF NONSENSE IS THIS?.. I'M TO SEE THE GENERAL!
YOU MUST BE AN AWFULLY DUMB SOLDIER!
?
SERGEANT!... SARGE!... SARGE! HALP!
TCH!
CAMP HOOKUM

UGH!


GUESS IT'S ALL RIGHT TO GO RIGHT IN!

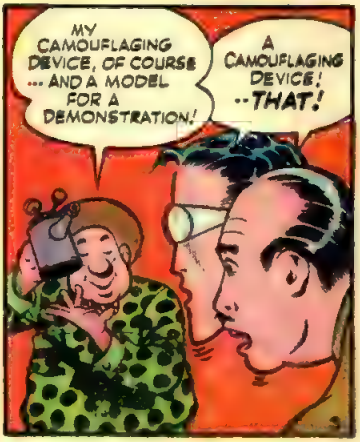
PUFF!
GRUNT
PUFF
PUFF
GROAN
GHO


In the General's Office...
I'M GLAD THE F.B.I. PUT YOU ON THIS CASE, PLASTIC MAN! WITH YOUR ABILITY, YOU OUGHT TO HAVE THOSE JAP SPIES UNCOVERED IN NO TIME!
THANK YOU, SIR! I'LL DO MY BEST!

WOOZY!... WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? ... WHY ALL THE EXERTION?
HI, PLAS!... HI, GENERAL!... WELL, I'VE BROUGHT IT!

BROUGHT WHAT?

MY CAMOUFLAGING DEVICE! ... I'LL JUST PUT THIS DOWN HERE, FIRST!


MY CAMOUFLAGING DEVICE, OF COURSE ... AND A MODEL FOR A DEMONSTRATION!
A CAMOUFLAGING DEVICE! --THAT!

A CAMOUFLAGING DEVICE! ... ⁝HMPH⁝ WHY, YOU COULDN'T CAMOUFLAGE A TELEPHONE BOOTH WITH THAT!!
OH, NO?
SO -- IT WON'T CAMOUFLAGE A TELEPHONE BOOTH, EH? ... WATCH! I PRESS THE BUTTON ---
AND ... THERE!
TELEPHONE
IT IS ... A A ... TELEPHONE BOOTH!!
?
NOW, THAT, OF COURSE, WAS THE DE-CAMOUFLAGER! HERE'S THE CAMOUFLAGER!
?
AMAZING!
GONE!... CONCEALED!... INVISIBLE, AS A MATTER OF FACT!
ALLOW ME TO CONGRATULATE YOU! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS WILL MEAN TO THE ARMY!
I'M GLAD TO BE OF SERVICE WITH MY INVENTION, GENERAL!

DID YOU SAY YOUR INVENTION, WOOZY?
WELL--ER-- NOT EXACTLY-- --YOU SEE, I WORKED ON IT WITH PROFESSOR TOPPS! ..: IT'S OUR INVENTION, YOU MIGHT SAY...
WELL... WE'LL GO TO HIM AT ONCE! WE'LL GET ALL THE DETAILS! ... WE'LL MAKE ARRANGEMENTS WITH THE WAR DEPARTMENT!
MY OWN IDEA, EXACTLY!
HERE!... LET ME HELP YOU WITH THAT, WOOZY!
GOOD IDEA, PLAS... YOU CAN CARRY IT LIKE A VALISE!
WE CAN RIDE IN MY CAMOUFLAGED TRUCK, GENERAL!
ER--YES --OF COURSE!
HERE IT IS GENERAL! --STEP RIGHT UP!
OH..YES! OF COURSE!- WHERE?
THERE WE ARE!!
SEE WHAT I MEAN, SARGE!
WELL I'LL BE--
IT FEELS SOLID ENOUGH-- BUT YOU'D NEVER KNOW IT TO LOOK AT IT!

I'M READY TO DIE NOW! -- I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING!
WELL, WHAT ARE YOU YARDBIRDS GAPING AT? HAVEN'T YOU EVER SEEN A TRUCK BEFORE?
ER .. EXCUSE ME, GENERAL! BUT THOSE MEN CAN'T SEE THE TRUCK! IT'S CAMOUFLAGED! .. REMEMBER?
AH, YES.. QUITE SO
ER .. PERHAPS IT'S A LITTLE UNDIGNIFIED .. BEING SEEN LIKE THIS, YOU KNOW! A MAN IN MY POSITION CAN'T AFFORD TO BE TALKED ABOUT! MR. WINKS .. SUPPOSE YOU DE-CAMOUFLAGE THE TRUCK FOR THE PRESENT!
JUST SAY THE WORD, GENERAL!
HERE SHE COMES!
LOOK! ... THAT TRUCK! IT'S ONLY PARTLY VISIBLE! .. MAN WE LOOK FOR MUST BE ON TRUCK WITH CAMOUFLAGE AND DE-CAMOUFLAGE DEVICES!
WHOLE TRUCK VISIBLE NOW! WE FOLLOW IT! .. IF THEY GO TO PROFESSOR TOPPS' LABORATORY, OUR MEN READY FOR THEM! .. OTHERWISE WE STOP TRUCK KILL THEM AND AND TAKE GADGETS!
VELLY GOOD!

EXCELLENT! THEY GO TO PROFESSOR TOPPS' LABORATORY! -- WE WAIT HERE!
CLOTHING
WELL -- HERE WE ARE! OLD TOPPSY SURE WILL BE GLAD WE'RE SUCCESSFUL AT LAST!
TOPPSY!... THE GENERAL LIKES IT! ... WE'RE MADE!
I AM VERY HAPPY!
NOW, I'D LIKE TO SEE THE PLANS, SO THAT I'LL BE ABLE TO RECOMMEND THE DEVICES AS PRACTICAL FOR MANUFACTURE!
OH ... YES! OF COURSE ... THE PLANS!
THE PLANS -- NOW -- LET'S SEE -- WHERE DID I PUT THEM? I'VE BEEN SO ABSENT-MINDED, LATELY!
WHY TOPPSY -- DON'T YOU REMEMBER YOU PUT THEM UNDER THE FLOOR IN THE ROOM UPSTAIRS?
THE ROOM UPSTAIRS! ... OH, YES! -- HOW STUPID OF ME!
THAT'S WHAT I'M THINKING! ONE DOESN'T FORGET WHERE HE PUTS PLANS LIKE THOSE!
WHAT WAS THAT? ... IT SOUNDED LIKE A GROAN!
OH, NOTHING! THERE'S AN AWNING OUTSIDE! IT CREAKS IN THE WIND!
THAT DIDN'T SOUND LIKE AN AWNING TO ME! I'LL TAKE A LOOK!

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, PLASTIC MAN! WE NEED NOT CARRY ON THIS FARCE ANY LONGER -- NOW THAT MR. WINKS HAS SO KINDLY TOLD ME WHERE TO FIND THE PLANS!
TOPPS! --ARE YOU NUTS?
I'M AFRAID THIS ISN'T TOPPS, WOOZY... TOPPS MUST BE THE MAN WHO JUST LET OUT THAT GROAN!
EXACTLY, PLASTIC MAN!... AND SINCE WE HAVE THE CARDS ON THE TABLE, AS YOU AMERICANS SAY, I MAY AS WELL REMOVE THIS ANNOYING DISGUISE AND REVEAL MYSELF!
A JAP!
IN THE SERVICE OF HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY, THE EMPEROR! BANZAI!
PHOOEY!
DOG!... YOU WILL DIE FOR DARING TO BLASPHEME AGAINST THE SON OF HEAVEN!
THINK YOU'VE GOT US, HUH, JAP?
SSSSS
GONE!... HE'S CAMOUFLAGED THEM WITH THE SECRET DEVICE!

YOU'LL ALL DIE! YOU WON'T ESCAPE AMISAKI KOMIWABI!
WOOZY!... GET OUT OF HERE WITH THE GENERAL!... WE MUST KEEP HIM SAFE!.. AND YOU MUST HANG ONTO THE GADGETS! I'LL HANDLE THIS NIP!
OKAY, PLAS!... COME ON, GENERAL!
BAM!
BAM
BAM
LOOK!... THOSE TWO MEN MUST BE IN DISGUISE, TOO!... BUT THEY CAN'T SEE US! DOES THAT GIVE YOU AN IDEA, GENERAL?
C'MERE, YOU!
ABC!! DE!
...WHAT STRANGE THING THIS? ME NO SEE NOBODY BUT ME BODY BEING BAD HURT!
BY HONORABLE EMPEROR'S TEETH!... JAPANESE JUDO NO WORK AGAINST INVISIBLE ANTAGONISTS!
POW
BAM
BAM
THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO MOVE FOR QUITE A WHILE! LET'S GO, WINKS! WE'LL COME BACK WITH ENOUGH MEN TO TEAR THIS HOUSE DOWN!
MEANWHILE.. INSIDE THE HOUSE....
YOU CAN NOT REMAIN CONCEALED FOREVER!
WHEN MY BULLETS ENTER YOUR HEARTS, ME SEE YOU!
YOU'LL SEE ME SOONER THAN THAT, HORSE-TEETH!
SEE ANYTHING NOW?
I COULD FINISH YOU NOW AND RID THE WORLD OF ANOTHER RAT.. BUT HEADQUARTERS MIGHT WANT TO TALK TO YOU!

TAKE ME TO TOPPS!
UNTIE HIM!
PLASTIC MAN! THEY'VE RUINED EVERYTHING!
NO, THEY HAVEN'T! GET THE PLANS AND TAKE THEM TO THE F.B.I.! I'LL HANDLE THE REST!
But - while Topps hastens upstairs, the Japs on the sidewalk regain consciousness!
SOMETHING MUCH WRONG INSIDE!
WE BETTER GO INSIDE BACK WAY! MAYBE CAN HELP AMISAKI!
THE SCIENTIST!... HE HAVE PLANS!
OH-OH!!
YOU BOYS AREN'T GOING TO LIKE THIS!
YIPE!

MY DRUG OF THE DEAD WILL STOP THEM!
HA-HA!... SOON THEY WILL BE IN A STATE AKIN TO DEATH! WHEN THEY BE FOUND, DOCTORS WILL SAY DEAD AND THEY BE BURIED ALIVE!
HA! THE PLANS ARE ENOUGH PLENTY! WE CAN CONSTRUCT CAMOUFLAGE DEVICES FROM THESE! HA!
LOOK AT PLASTIC MAN! HE NO LONGER MIGHTY! TOO BAD HE WAS ON WRONG SIDE! MAN OF HIS PROWESS COULD HAVE SERVE OUR EMPEROR WELL! # # #!
WAIT!... WE HAVE SEE PLASTIC MAN'S POWER TO STRETCH BODY INTO AMAZING POSTURES! PERHAPS WE COULD COMPRESS HIS BODY AND TAKE TO JAPAN! THEN HE COULD NO ESCAPE US!
AND THEN WHAT, AMISAKI?
THEN IMPERIAL TORTURERS WOULD FIND WAYS PERSUADE HIM ENTER SERVICE OF HONORABLE EMPEROR!
BRING, PLEASE, SOME IRON RODS FROM BASEMENT!
A few minutes Later
IT WORKS!... HIS BODY IS BECOMING SMALLER!
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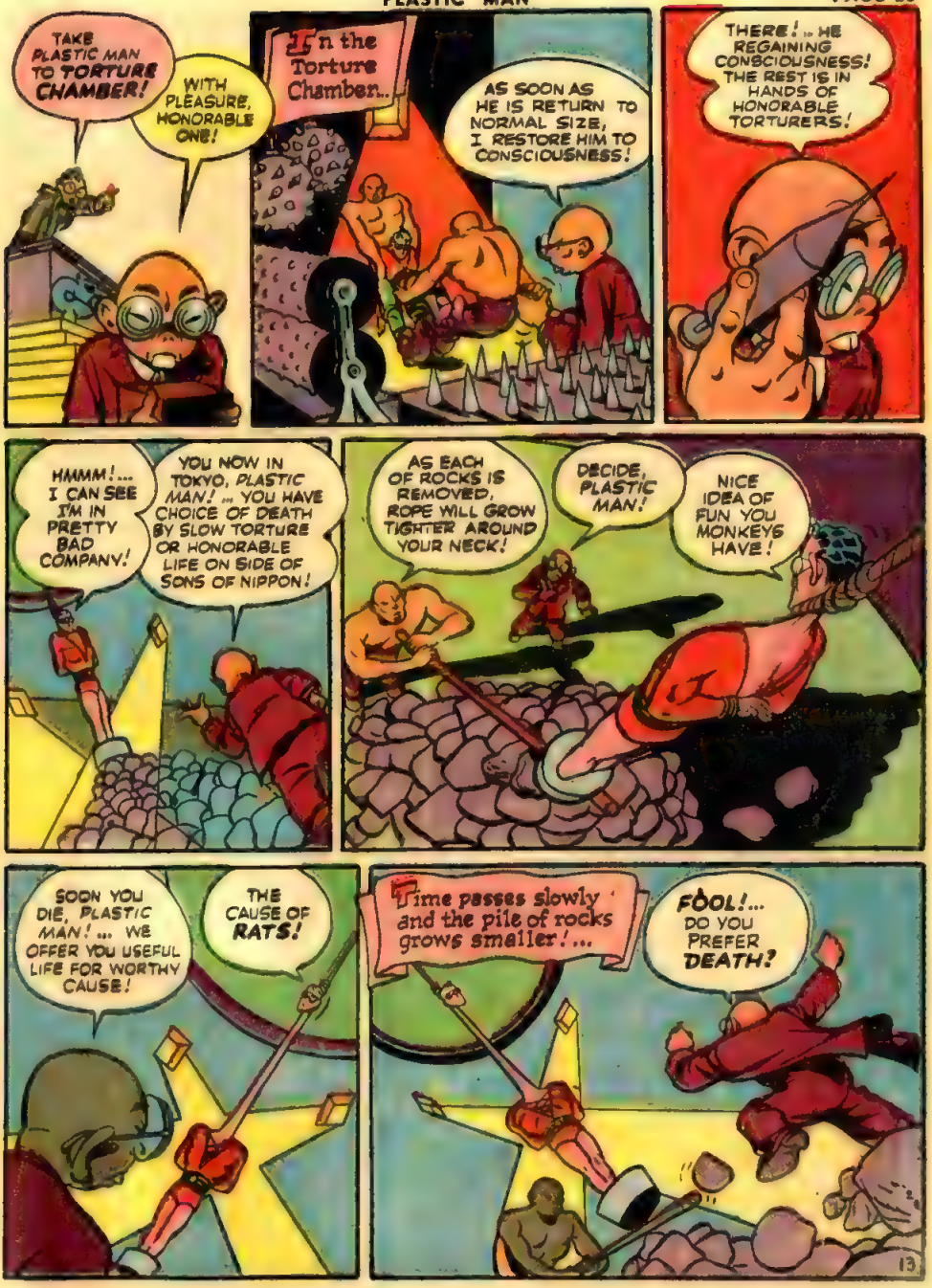
PERFECT!.. PLASTIC MAN WILL REMAIN IN THIS COMA UNTIL WE GET HIM TO TOKYO AND THEN WE BRING HIM BACK NORMAL SIZE YESSS!
BY TIME OUR PLANE REACH TOKYO, THIS MAN TOPPS BE BURIED ALIVE!
The Japs reach a plane, carefully concealed near an outlying suburb... and soon the craft wings its way westward....
Several days later, after stops at Jap-held Pacific bases ... TOKYO!
OUR NOBLE MASTERS WILL BE MUCH PLEASE WITH OUR WORK, YESSS!
THE PLANS FOR CAMOUFLAGING DEVICES, HONORABLE GENERAL!
GOOD! YOU HAVE DONE WELL, AMISAKI!
THAT IS NOT ALL WE HAVE BRING, HONORABLE ONE! ... YOU HAVE HEAR OF FAMED PLASTIC MAN?
BUT HE IS SO SMALL NOW! .. STILL, NO MATTER! WE PUT HIM DEATH!
WE CAN PUT HIM TO BETTER USE, HONORABLE ONE! IF HE PERSUADED SERVE OUR CAUSE, THERE NO LIMITS TO THINGS HE CAN DO!
MUCH BRILLIANT IDEA, AMISAKI!... WE PERSUADE HIM! .. IT WILL PAY BACK STUPID AMERICANS FOR BOMBING TOKYO!


TAKE PLASTIC MAN TO TORTURE CHAMBER!
WITH PLEASURE, HONORABLE ONE!
In the Torture Chamber...
AS SOON AS HE IS RETURN TO NORMAL SIZE, I RESTORE HIM TO CONSCIOUSNESS!
THERE!.. HE REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS! THE REST IS IN HANDS OF HONORABLE TORTURERS!
HMMM!... I CAN SEE I'M IN PRETTY BAD COMPANY!
YOU NOW IN TOKYO, PLASTIC MAN!.. YOU HAVE CHOICE OF DEATH BY SLOW TORTURE OR HONORABLE LIFE ON SIDE OF SONS OF NIPPON!
AS EACH OF ROCKS IS REMOVED, ROPE WILL GROW TIGHTER AROUND YOUR NECK!
DECIDE, PLASTIC MAN!
NICE IDEA OF FUN YOU MONKEYS HAVE!
SOON YOU DIE, PLASTIC MAN!... WE OFFER YOU USEFUL LIFE FOR WORTHY CAUSE!
THE CAUSE OF RATS!
Time passes slowly and the pile of rocks grows smaller!...
FOOL!... DO YOU PREFER DEATH?

And THEN...
TORTURER!... LOOK OUT! ...HE'S ESCAPING!
IF YOU APES HAD KNOWN MORE ABOUT ME, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TRIED A ROPE!
SEIZE HIM!
HURT MUCH?
HE IS A DEMON!
NOW WE'LL SEE HOW WELL YOU STRETCH!
A SURE CURE FOR LOW BLOOD-PRESSURE!
TOO BAD YOU HAVEN'T TAILS! --YOU COULD HANG FROM THEM!
THE PLANS! --I MUST GET THEM!
I WONDER!!
HEAD-QUARTERS OF GENERAL STAFF

THOSE MAY BE THE PLANS! .. IT'S WORTH A TRY!
@#$%! OINK! &*@#!!
HOPE I WASN'T WRONG!
THEY'RE THE PLANS, ALL RIGHT! NOW TO GET HOME... I HOPE!
After a hazardous journey through the city...
THAT CHAP LOOKS LIKE AN AMERICAN!
HI, THERE!
PLASTIC MAN!
I WAS SHOT DOWN IN AN AIR RAID! .. I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THIS SHIP ALL NIGHT AND I'VE ABOUT GOT IT PATCHED UP .. ALL I NEED TO DO NOW IS GET THE PROPS GOING!
I MIGHT BE ABLE TO DO THAT FOR YOU!
THERE SHE GOES!
HOORAY! WE'RE OFF!
A week later... BACK HOME!
HERE ARE THE PLANS, CHIEF! I'M CERTAINLY GLAD TO SEE TOPPS ALIVE!
LUCKY WE HAD A GOOD DOCTOR WHEN WE RETURNED TO THE HOUSE! HE KNEW TOPPS WAS IN A COMA!
YIPPEE! OUR CAMOUFLAGE INVENTION BELONGS TO AMERICA AFTER ALL!

PLASTIC MAN
by JACK COLE
THIS IS NOT A PRETTY STORY!... ONE CAN HARDLY WRITE ABOUT THE UGLY ORPHAN, WILLIE McGOON, IN HAPPY PHRASES... FOR POOR WILLIE—"THE GOON" TO HIS CLASSMATES—LIVED IN CONSTANT GRIEF!!.... TWENTY YEARS OLD AND STILL IN GRADE SCHOOL, HE WAS DERIDED FOR HIS IGNORANCE—THE TARGET OF EVERY MEAN TRICK IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD!! THOUGH STRONG AS A LION, WILLIE HAD NO TASTE FOR REVENGE!... HIS ONLY DESIRE IN LIFE WAS TO FIND, SOMEWHERE, SOMEHOW, A FRIEND..... JUST ONE FRIEND!!! WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THIS SIMPLE AMBITION IS REALIZED, CREATES THE MOST ASTOUNDING CASE IN THE CAREER OF PLASTIC MAN!!!

EVERY DAY IS THE SAME TO WILLIE M'GOON THE SNEERS OF ADULTS..THE JEERS OF CHILDREN!! HAVING THE BODY OF A MAN AND THE MIND OF A CHILD, HE IS REJECTED BY BOTH—AN OUTCAST OF SOCIETY!!
HA! HA!! THERE GOES THE GOON AGAIN!.. ON THE RUN AS USUAL!!
WHY DOESN'T HE STAND AND FIGHT?
YELLOW IS THE WORD!
YELLOW? NOT WILLIE! HE JUST COULDN'T HARM HIS FELLOW MAN!
'TAINT THEIR FAULT.... IT'S MUH UGLY FACE!! I-I DON'T BLAME THEM FER HATIN' ME!!
BUT EACH NIGHT IN HIS DINGY ROOM HE HOPED....
MEBBE TOMORROW WILL BE DIFFRUNT!.. THEY CAN'T HATE ME FEREVER..... I HOPE!
MEN, ONE AFTERNOON....
SSST! HERE HE COMES!! ALL SET?
READY!
PAPER! READ ALL 'BOUT IT!
HI THERE, GOONIE OLE KID!!
'LO, FELLERS! WHUTCHA DOIN??
OH, JUST PLAYIN' VIGILANTE! WANNA GET IN ON THE FUN?
GORSH, THANKS! BUT MEBBE I'D BEST FINISH MUH PAPERS!
AW, GEE...AN' WE WANTED TO GIVE YOU A GENUINE LYNCHIN'!
YUH MEAN IT?? WITH ICE CREAM?
NOT LUNCH— LYNCH! YOU KNOW—
.....LIKE THIS!!
???
OH!!
HELP!! MUH FACE! :GROAN: C-CAN'T SEE!!
HA! HA! WHAT A GOOP! HO-HO-HO! HA HA! HO! HO!
LOOKIT 'IM TEAR! HEE HEE!
OHHHHHH! WHY DO THEY..DO...IT? :SOB: MIGHT'S WELL DIE! PLEEZE LET ME DIE!
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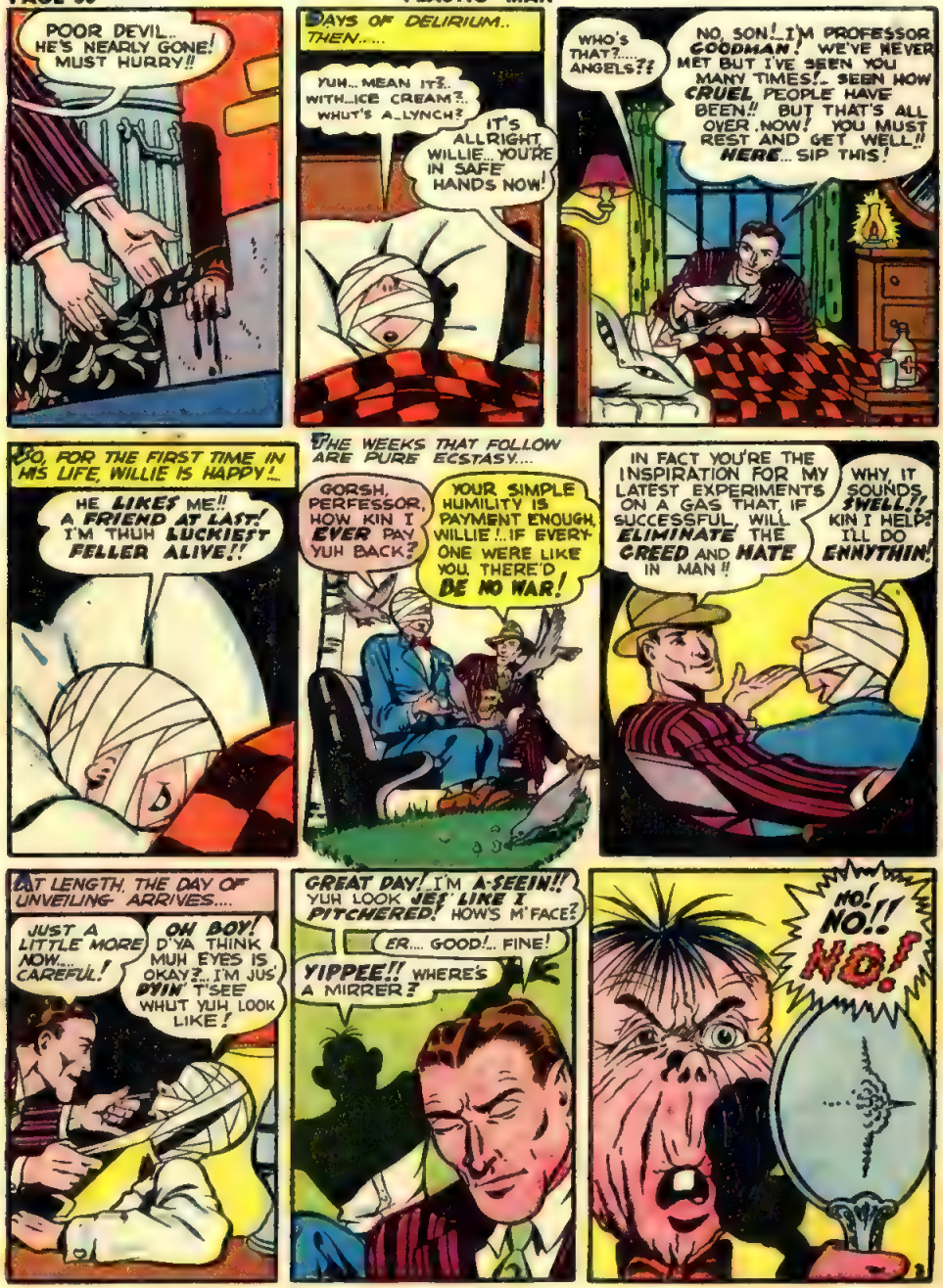
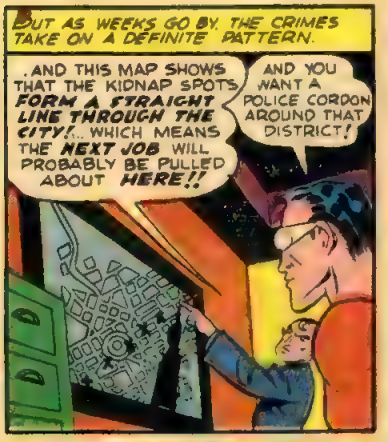
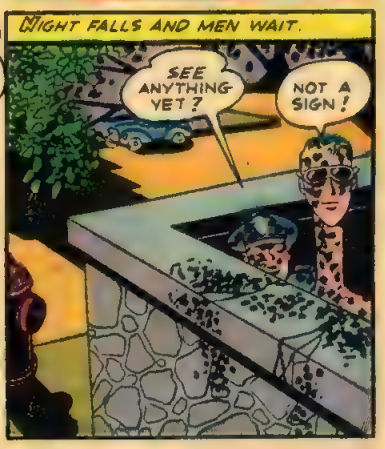

POOR DEVIL... HE'S NEARLY GONE! MUST HURRY!!
DAYS OF DELIRIUM.. THEN.....
YUH... MEAN IT?.. WITH...ICE CREAM?.. WHUT'S A-LYNCH?
IT'S ALLRIGHT WILLIE... YOU'RE IN SAFE HANDS NOW!
WHO'S THAT?.... ANGELS??
NO, SON!..I'M PROFESSOR GOODMAN! WE'VE NEVER MET BUT I'VE SEEN YOU MANY TIMES!.. SEEN HOW CRUEL PEOPLE HAVE BEEN!! BUT THAT'S ALL OVER NOW! YOU MUST REST AND GET WELL!! HERE... SIP THIS!
SO, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, WILLIE IS HAPPY!..
HE LIKES ME!! A FRIEND AT LAST! I'M THUH LUCKIEST FELLER ALIVE!!
THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOW ARE PURE ECSTASY....
GORSH, PERFESSOR, HOW KIN I EVER PAY YUH BACK?
YOUR SIMPLE HUMILITY IS PAYMENT ENOUGH, WILLIE!.. IF EVERY-ONE WERE LIKE YOU, THERE'D BE NO WAR!
IN FACT YOU'RE THE INSPIRATION FOR MY LATEST EXPERIMENTS ON A GAS THAT, IF SUCCESSFUL, WILL ELIMINATE THE CREED AND HATE IN MAN!!
WHY, IT SOUNDS SWELL!! KIN I HELP? I'LL DO ENNYTHIN!
AT LENGTH, THE DAY OF UNVEILING ARRIVES....
JUST A LITTLE MORE NOW.... CAREFUL!
OH BOY! D'YA THINK MUH EYES IS OKAY?...I'M JUS' DYIN' T'SEE WHUT YUH LOOK LIKE!
GREAT DAY! I'M A-SEEIN!! YUH LOOK JES' LIKE I PITCHERED! HOW'S M'FACE?
ER.... GOOD!.. FINE!
YIPPEE!! WHERE'S A MIRRER?
NO! NO!! NO!

SOME TIME LATER, A SHROUD OF TERROR BLANKETS THE CITY!! A MAD MONSTER RUNS WILD ON A SPREE OF KIDNAPPING! THE F.B.I. IS BAFFLED!


BUT AS WEEKS GO BY, THE CRIMES TAKE ON A DEFINITE PATTERN.
...AND THIS MAP SHOWS THAT THE KIDNAP SPOTS FORM A STRAIGHT LINE THROUGH THE CITY!... WHICH MEANS THE NEXT JOB WILL PROBABLY BE PULLED ABOUT HERE!!
AND YOU WANT A POLICE CORDON AROUND THAT DISTRICT!

I'LL ROUND UP THE BOYS RIGHT AWAY AND—77 TCH! TCH! WOOSY! EAVESDROPPING AT YOUR AGE!!
HONEST, PLAS... I DIDN'T HEAR A THING!

...ANYWAY, YOU'RE GONNA NEED HELP TONIGHT! CAN I GET IN ON IT, HUH?
DIDN'T HEAR A THING, EH? OKAY, ITCHY-EARS... SINCE YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT IT!

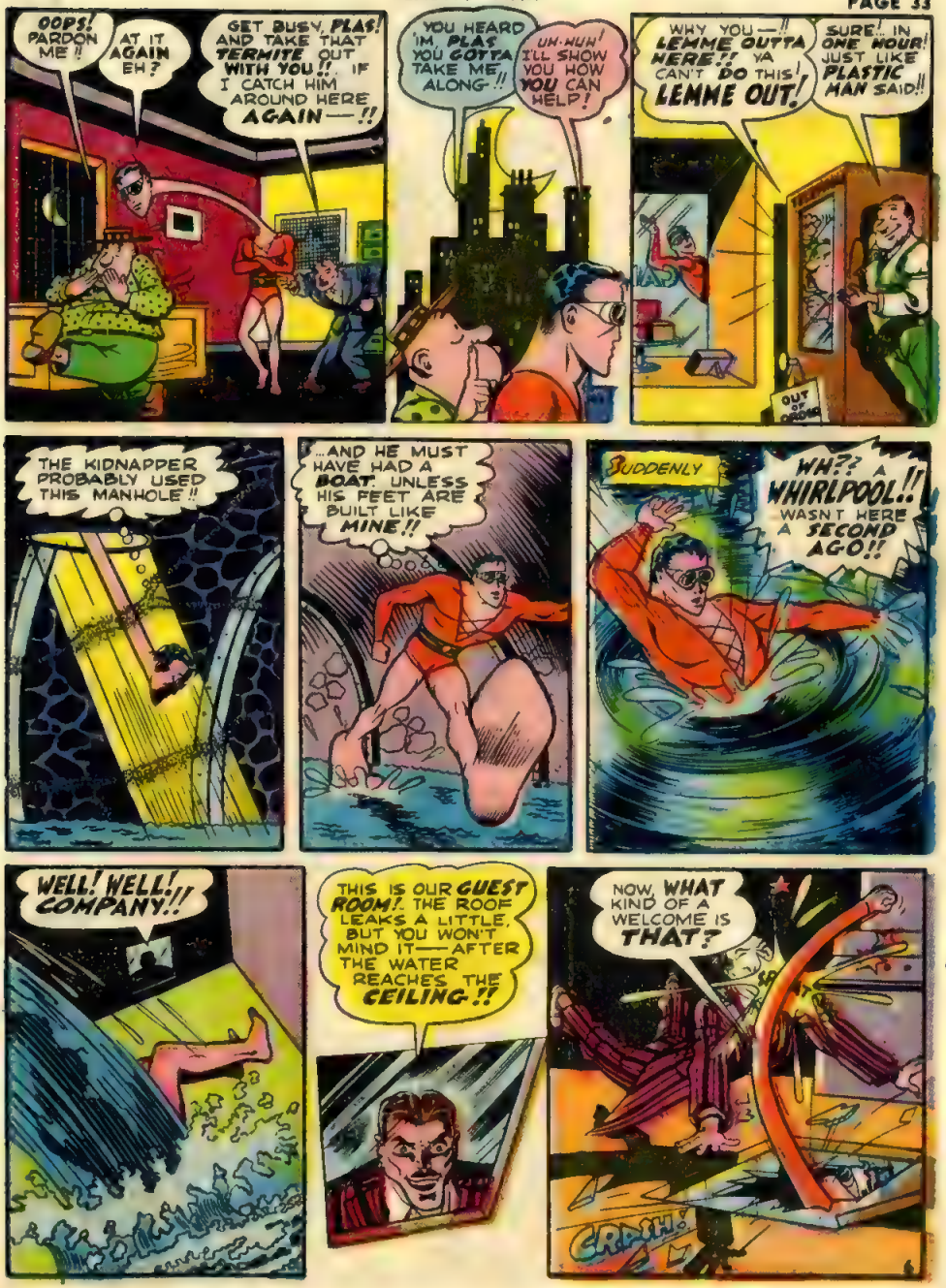

NIGHT FALLS AND MEN WAIT.
SEE ANYTHING YET?
NOT A SIGN!

FINALLY...
THERE SHE BLOWS!! IF THAT AIN'T HIM I'LL EAT MY KLEENEX!
HELP!
HELP!

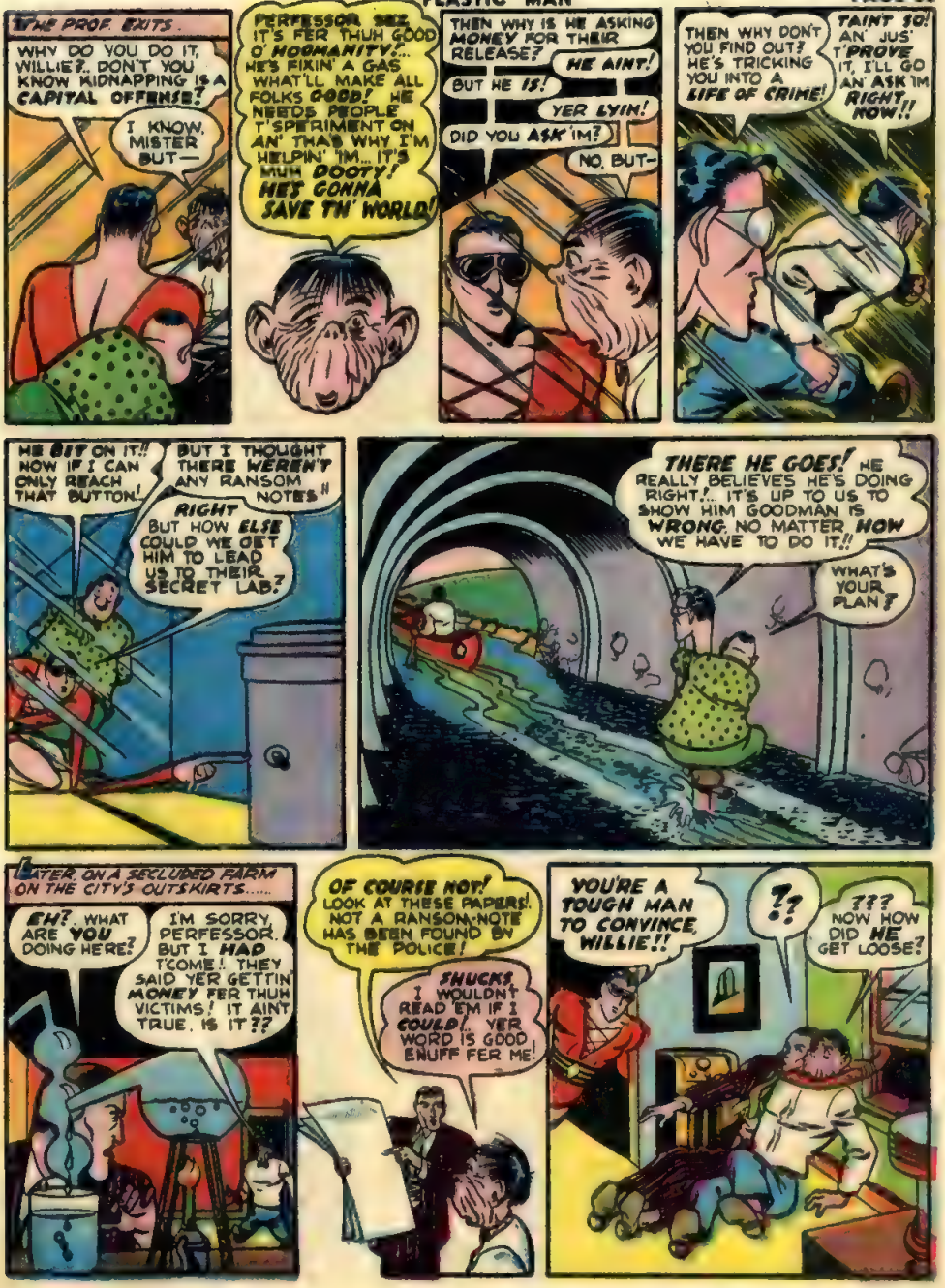
OHMIGOSH!! HE'S HEADED THIS WAY!!! IT'S UP TO ME TO STOP HIM!!

H-HERE GOES NUTHIN'!

HALT IN THE NAME OF WOOZY WINKS!!
I GOT 'IM!! HELP!
THAT IS A MATTER OF OPINION!
YELP! THIS IS MOST EMBARRASSIN!! I'M SORRY, PLAS. GEE WHIZ!!
GET HIM, MEN?!
NO- BUT HE RAN UP YOUR WAY! DIDN'T THE BOYS NAB HIM?
WE DIDN'T EVEN SEE 'IM!
SHADES OF HOUDINI!! VANISHED INTO THIN AIR!!
YOU'D BETTER LEARN THAT TRICK, BUB! YOU'LL NEED IT WHEN THE CHIEF FINDS OUT WHAT YOU'VE DONE!!
30 MINUTES LATER....
CHIEF, I—
SHH! GO ON, MISS!
...AND WHEN THE BOYS SAW HIS PICTURE, THEY THOUGHT HE MIGHT BE THE SAME LAD THEY SO FOOLISHLY TARRED AND FEATHERED!
BUT WE DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM!! HONEST!
IF WE'VE MADE HIM TURN BAD, W-WE DESERVE THE CHAIR!
SPEAKING AS HIS TEACHER, I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS FIEND IS WILLIE, M'GOON. HE DIDN'T HAVE A MEAN BONE IN HIM!
A KIND HEARTED KIDNAPPER!.. THAT'S A NEW ONE! WONDER IF HE REALLY IS WILLIE M'GOON??
IF YOU'D CAUGHT HIM TONIGHT, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO WONDER!
BUT HE VANISHED RIGHT IN OUR MIDST!!
PSHAW!.. A LIKELY STORY! I— HOLD ON!! PLASTIC WE'VE BEEN BLIND!!
A TUNNELED STREAM RUNS THROUGH THE CITY DIRECTLY UNDER THE LINE OF KIDNAPPINGS! HE MUST BE USING THE TUNNEL TO ESCAPE!!
BY GUM, THAT'S IT!!


OOPS! PARDON ME!!
AT IT AGAIN EH?
GET BUSY, PLAS! AND TAKE THAT TERMITE OUT WITH YOU!! IF I CATCH HIM AROUND HERE AGAIN—!!
YOU HEARD 'IM PLAS YOU GOTTA TAKE ME ALONG!!
UH-HUH! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW YOU CAN HELP!
WHY YOU—!! LEMME OUTTA HERE!! YA CAN'T DO THIS! LEMME OUT!
SURE! IN ONE HOUR! JUST LIKE PLASTIC MAN SAID!!
OUT OF ORDER
THE KIDNAPPER PROBABLY USED THIS MANHOLE!!
...AND HE MUST HAVE HAD A BOAT UNLESS HIS FEET ARE BUILT LIKE MINE!!
SUDDENLY
WH?? A WHIRLPOOL!! WASN'T HERE A SECOND AGO!!
WELL! WELL! COMPANY!!
THIS IS OUR GUEST ROOM!. THE ROOF LEAKS A LITTLE, BUT YOU WON'T MIND IT— AFTER THE WATER REACHES THE CEILING-!!
NOW, WHAT KIND OF A WELCOME IS THAT?
CRASH!

KEEP YER HANDS OFF'N HIM!
AN' DON'T DO IT AGIN! YUH ORTA BE ASHAMED!!
GOOD BOY WILLIE! RIGHT UNDER THE PARALYZER RAY!
HE CAN'T MOVE A MUSCLE! NOT EVEN TO BREATHE!! HE'LL SOON BE OUT OF HIS MISERY, POOR CHAP!!
BUT DO YUH HAFF T' KILL HIM??
DISTRESSING, ISN'T IT?.. BUT NOTHING MUST JEOPARDIZE THE GREAT WORK WE — OOF!!
SPLUT GLUB I'VE BEEN SCUTTLED! SPUTTER
YUH HURT MUH FRIEND!! I'LL —?
MY RAY MACHINE!
SPLUT! MAN THE PUMPS!! PITOOEIE!!
THANKS FOR POSTPONING MY FUNERAL, PAL!! BUT HOW'D YOU GET OUT?
IT'S A LUCKY THING FOR YOU I CAN PICK LOCKS! AN WHAT A TIME I HAD GETTIN THE CANOE DOWN THAT MAN-HOLE!!
WELL, LET'S TAKE —?? THEY'VE DROPPED A GLASSITE WALL!!
W-WE'RE TRAPPED!
HA! TRY BREAKING THROUGH THAT ONE!!
STAND GUARD, WILLIE, WHILE I TAKE OUR LATEST PATIENT OUT TO THE LAB! TIME IS PRESSING!
YUP!


THE PROF. EXITS..
WHY DO YOU DO IT, WILLIE?.. DON'T YOU KNOW KIDNAPPING IS A CAPITAL OFFENSE?
I KNOW, MISTER BUT—
PERFESSOR SEZ IT'S FER THUH GOOD O' HOOMANITY!... HE'S FIXIN' A GAS WHAT'LL MAKE ALL FOLKS GOOD! HE NEEDS PEOPLE T'SPERIMENT ON AN' THAT'S WHY I'M HELPIN' 'IM... IT'S MUH DOOTY! HE'S GONNA SAVE TH' WORLD!
THEN WHY IS HE ASKING MONEY FOR THEIR RELEASE?
HE AIN'T!
BUT HE IS!
YER LYIN!
DID YOU ASK 'IM?
NO, BUT—
THEN WHY DON'T YOU FIND OUT? HE'S TRICKING YOU INTO A LIFE OF CRIME!
TAINT SO! AN' JUS' T'PROVE IT, I'LL GO AN' ASK 'IM RIGHT NOW!!
HE SIT ON IT!! NOW IF I CAN ONLY REACH THAT BUTTON!
BUT I THOUGHT THERE WEREN'T ANY RANSOM NOTES!!
RIGHT BUT HOW ELSE COULD WE GET HIM TO LEAD US TO THEIR SECRET LAB?
THERE HE GOES! HE REALLY BELIEVES HE'S DOING RIGHT!... IT'S UP TO US TO SHOW HIM GOODMAN IS WRONG, NO MATTER HOW WE HAVE TO DO IT!!
WHAT'S YOUR PLAN?
LATER, ON A SECLUDED FARM ON THE CITY'S OUTSKIRTS.....
EH? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I'M SORRY, PERFESSOR, BUT I HAD T'COME! THEY SAID YER GETTIN MONEY FER THUH VICTIMS! IT AIN'T TRUE, IS IT??
OF COURSE NOT! LOOK AT THESE PAPERS! NOT A RANSOM-NOTE HAS BEEN FOUND BY THE POLICE!
SHUCKS, I WOULDN'T READ 'EM IF I COULD! YER WORD IS GOOD ENUFF FER ME!
YOU'RE A TOUGH MAN TO CONVINCE, WILLIE!!
?!
??? NOW HOW DID HE GET LOOSE?

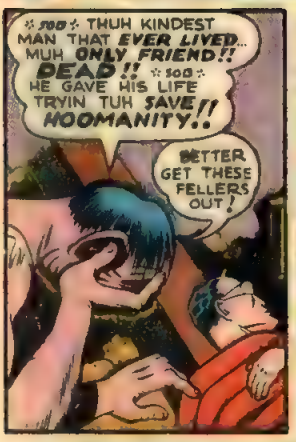
WOULD YOU BELIEVE YOUR BOSS IS EXTORTING MONEY IF YOU HEARD IT OVER THE RADIO?
GO AHEAD. TURN IT ON! YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THAT I HAVEN'T ASKED FOR A CENT!
AND TONIGHT THE MONSTER STRUCK AGAIN! MR JOHN M'GILL WAS KIDNAPPED! A RANSOM NOTE WAS RECEIVED BY HIS WIFE. DEMANDING $10,000, FOR HIS RELEASE
IT'S A LIE!
I-I CAN'T B'LIEVE IT!
THIS IS WOOZY WINKS, YOUR ROVING REPORTER! AND NOW FOR THE LIGHTER SIDE OF THE NEWS
WINKS! THAT'S THE NAME OF HIS FAT PAL! IT'S A FAKE BROADCAST!
THAT DOPE!!
WHY YUH BIG CHEAT!
AT THE POLICE STATION:
WHAT WELL-KNOWN PLAYBOY IS COURTIN WHAT MOVIE STAR? LAST WEEK—
ROVING REPORTER! HMMP! OKAY, ROVER START ROVING!!
MEANWHILE
WELL I'VE NO ALTERNATIVE THAN TO— ?????? EARTHQUAKE!!
EUREKA! I'VE DONE IT! SUCCESS!!
GRAB HIM WILLIE!
THAT'S IT! WRAP HIM AROUND THE BEAM AND TIE HIS HANDS AND FEET!
IT'S SHORE LUCKY THET EARTHQUAKE COME ALONG, AINT IT?
EARTHQUAKE NOTHING! THAT WAS THE FINAL STAGE OF MY EXPERIMENT!! GO OUT TO THE SHED, WAIT FOR TEN MINUTES, THEN TURN THE BIG WHEEL! YOU WILL HAVE THE HONOR OF RELEASING MY KINDNESS GAS UPON THE WORLD!
GEE!
AND YOU! SINCE YOU'RE ABOUT TO DIE, I'LL TELL YOU THE TRUTH ABOUT MY WORK:...
I WAS ONCE RUN OUT OF THIS CITY FOR A CRIME I DIDN'T COMMIT!! SO I OWE THEM A CRIME TO MAKE THINGS EVEN!! YOU'LL SOON SEE HOW COMPLETE THE REVENGE OF A SCIENTIFIC MIND CAN BE!!
GLUE

AND HOW WELL I PLANNED IT!... IT WAS EASY TRICKING STUPID WILLIE INTO KIDNAPPING VICTIMS FOR ME! HA HA! IF HE ONLY KNEW THE REAL PURPOSE BEHIND IT ALL!... I FORCED THEM TO OPERATE MY SUPER BORING MACHINE ...THEY'VE DRILLED FIFTY FIVE MILES DOWN INTO THE EARTH!! THAT RUMBLE MEANS THEY'VE HIT MOLTEN LAVA! ALL BUT TONIGHT'S VICTIM ARE DEAD!
WHEN WILLIE OPENS THE FLOOD GATE, THE ENTIRE CITY WILL BE BURIED BENEATH THE WORLD'S FIRST MAN-MADE VOLCANO !!!
WELL, HERE'S WISHING YOU GENTLEMEN A PLEASANT DEATH!
A FEW MINUTES LATER:..
TIME'S UP!.. RECKON THIS IS TH WHEEL HE MEANT!
IT-IT'S HOPELESS!.. CAN'T EVEN BUDGE! IF ONLY I COULD STOP WILLIE!!
THAT GLUE HAS BOUND ME UP LIKE A POPCORN BALL!!
MEANWHILE, WOOZY IS STILL AT IT.....
...AND NOW I'LL IMITATE CHARLES LAUGHTON:
FOR THE LAST TIME: HAND OVER THAT MIKE!
BOOM!.
MISSSTER CHRISTIAN!—
HUH??
JUMPIN' JEEPS!! FOLKS, A VOLCANO HAS JUST ERUPTED!! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!!

AND BACK WITH WILLIE:
S-SUMTHIN'S WRONG!! I-I BETTER SHUT IT OFF!!

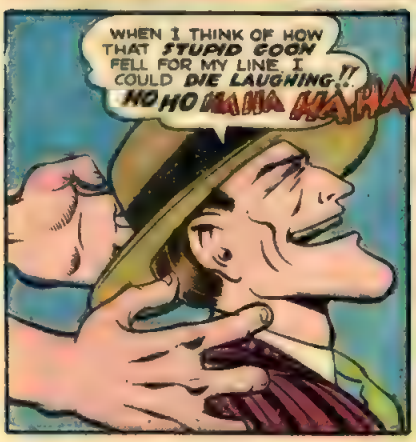
TH-THERE... IT'S STOPPED!.. OH, THIS HEAT!.. GOTTA GET THUH PERFESSOR... GOTTA SAVE 'IM!!

PERFESSOR GOODMAN!! WHERE ARE YUH?? GONE!! HE'S BIN BURIED ALIVE!!!

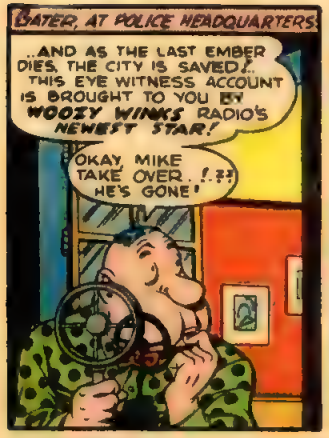

SOB THUH KINDEST MAN THAT EVER LIVED... MUH ONLY FRIEND!! DEAD!! *SOB* HE GAVE HIS LIFE TRYIN TUH SAVE!! HOOMANITY..
BETTER GET THESE FELLERS OUT!

THEY'LL BE SAFE THERE!.. MUST GET TO THUH TUNNEL! WANT T'BE ALONE!

LATER, IN THE TUNNEL HIDEOUT
LET'S SEE.. GUESS I'M ALL PACKED! HA HA!.. THE CITY'S PROBABLY HALF BURIED IN LAVA BY NOW!
!


WHEN I THINK OF HOW THAT STUPID COON FELL FOR MY LINE I COULD DIE LAUGHING!!
HO HO HA HA HA HA

HA HA AAAAAAAWK..
YOU LIED!


LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS:
..AND AS THE LAST EMBER DIES, THE CITY IS SAVED!.. THIS EYE WITNESS ACCOUNT IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY WOOZY WINKS RADIO'S NEWEST STAR!
OKAY, MIKE TAKE OVER..!.?! HE'S GONE!

GEE, THE PLACE IS DESERTED! GUESS ALL THE BOYS ARE OUT TO——???
I-I JES KILLED THIS MAN!

CALLING ALL CARS! CALLING ALL CARS!! I'VE CAPTURED THE KIDNAPPERS — BARE-HANDED!! COME QUICK! I'M HOLDING THEM AT BAY!!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER:
GREAT NEWS, WILLIE: YOU'VE BEEN COMPLETELY EXONERATED! AND THE DOCTOR SAYS HE CAN FIX YOUR FACE LIKE NEW! ISN'T THAT SWELL??
Y-YES, I GUESS SO

STILL BROODING OVER THE PROFESSOR, EH? I CAN HARDLY BLAME YOU... IT WAS THE LOWEST TRICK A MAN EVER PULLED!
AN I THOT I HAD A FRIEND!

SURPRISE!!
YOU HAVE, WILLIE — PLENTY OF THEM!!
?

HAVE SOME MORE ICE CREAM, WILLIE!
AN CAKE?
WE BROUGHT YOU SOME COMIC BOOKS!
YOU GOTTA GET WELL QUICK, WILLIE! YOU'LL MAKE A SWELL QUARTERBACK ON OUR FOOTBALL TEAM!
GORSH, FELLERS.. JUS CALL ME, GOON!

WHAT'S EATING YOU, WOOZY? TOO MANY SWEETS??
AW, I JUST FOUND OUT O'RILEY CUT ME OFF THE AIR DURING MY BROADCAST! I TALKED TWO SOLID HOURS INTO A DEAD MIKE!!

PLASTIC NEMESIS

FOUR big closed cars, loaded with men, arrived at the four entrances to the Langford Trust Company at the same instant. Out of them poured masked, armed figures. They filled the lobby and the offices in a twinkling.

"This is a stickup! Employees line up right—customers left!"

A cashier whipped open a drawer where lay a pistol—one of the thugs fired a tommy gun, and the cashier subsided. A customer reached for a telephone—another thug leaned over to swing a blackjack, and the customer fell.

The gangsters, working furiously but with amazing discipline, stripped tills, drawers and floor safes of money. But the tall, sinewy man in full-face mask who seemed to be commander of the raid did not even glance at the heaps of money. He closed his hard hand on the shoulder of the executive vice-president, Dawson.

"The Kimripore jewels! At once, or—"

Dawson shook his head. "I don't know what you mean."

"Stop lying. The Rajah of Kimripore sent his crown treasures to America, as security for a loan of millions. Plastic Man and that little screwball Woozy Winks brought them overseas—don't you think the underworld heard how they smashed six attempts to steal the jewels? And we know they're in your vaults."

He thrust a pistol against Dawson's ribs. The vice-president led him down a flight of stairs and unlocked a barred door.

"There," and Dawson pointed. "In that vault. In a big cowhide suitcase——"

"Open the vault." The masked man prodded him with the gun. "Quick, or I'll make you look like a cribbage board!"

Dawson spun the dial, pulled open the great door. Inside stood a dingy-looking suitcase. It's label said PLASTIC MAN.

"Bring it out. Open it." The vice-president did so, disclosing a glittering mass of rubies, diamonds, amethysts, emeralds—the ransom of an emperor. At a motion from his captor, he shut the case again and handed it to the masked man.

His only reply and reward was a bullet through the heart. The raider chief hurried upstairs.

"Clear out!" he barked at his men. They sped out to their cars and away. The entire raid had taken less than ninety seconds.

"Cops Coming?" asked the driver of the biggest car as he headed his vehicle for the suburbs.

The thug in the seat beside him glanced back. "Yeah! But they took after the other boys. Left us alone."

"I fixed that," spoke the leader, from between his two companions in the rear. He had taken off his mask, revealing the sharp, shrewd features of Bronty Breen, current Public Enemy No. 1. "Just before we went in, I called police and FBI offices. Said the Langford Trust was being raided—and told which way the other three cars would head."

"Police!" echoed his companions. "FBI! And you tipped them off right?"

"Sure. While they're busy scooping up the others, we get clear away. And," Bronty's toe tapped the suitcase, "only five of us left to split the jewels, huh?"

He grinned, but nobody grinned back. A lieutenant gazed from the rear of the car. "If you called FBI, Bronty, that brings Plastic Man into the case!"

Bronty shuddered, but shrugged it off. "Not a chance! He's on leave of absence, after bringing these jewels from Kimripore——"

"Look!" interrupted the other thug.

They all looked back.

From the top of a tall building two great red streamers darted out and down, like interminable, deadly snakes—each toward a different street. Down and down the red streamers extended—story after story—to the sidewalk level—there came a sound of crash and commotion.

"That was PLASTIC MAN!" breathed one of the five. "He reached down with both arms—snagged TWO OF THE CARS AT ONCE!"

"Speed up," growled Bronty to the driver. "We're blowing town."

PLASTIC MAN, gaunt, crimson-clad, enigmatic behind his dark goggles, sat in a little cellar room of FBI headquarters. Woozy, pudgy and deceptively dull-faced, lounged beside him. Opposite them was one of the captured thugs.

"I ain't talking," the thug said for the hundredth time, "and you FBI jerks ain't gonna batter me into it."

"Who said anything about battering?" inquired Plastic Man silkily. "I wouldn't lay a finger on you."

He waggled a finger to emphasize. The finger grew a yard long for a moment, then subsided.

"He don't scare easy · Plas," offered Woozy. "I knew him back when I was outside the law. Kittens, they called him—because nothing scares him but a cat——"

"So?" muttered Plastic, and smiled. His hand lifted to his face, swept across it. His body seemed to grow plumper and at the same time lither. His legs doubled strangely, the feet were paws. His ears turned pointy, whiskers were plainly sprouting——

"Get away from me!" Kittens suddenly quavered.

Plastic Man was Plastic Man no more. The lithe, furry creature he had become jumped gracefully down from the chair and strolled forward toward the captive. "Meow?" it said.

"Get that cat out of here!" begged Kittens, cowering. "Listen, I'll tell anything—it was Bronty Breen who planned the raid——"

"Where did he go with the jewels?" demanded Woozy.

"I don't know—I swear I don't!" We were directed to head east—the other two carloads you and the cops grabbed went west and south—but Bronty's car had its own orders——"

"Which means it went north," said Plastic Man, who had become himself again with a little wriggle and a rubbery snap. "Tell the turnkey to put him away, Woozy. We're going north ourselves."

Bronty Breen's hideout had been prepared months before. It looked no more than a half-ruined shack among trees at the end of a country road, but this was only a modest topping to a vast underground lair, strongly fortified, stocked with provisions and weapons, with at least three secret entrances.

In the main cellar-room, Bronty and his four surviving thugs gathered around the open suitcase.

"Look at them pretty gimmicks!" exulted Potsy, the driver, picking up a ruby as big as a walnut. "What a game of marbles a guy could play with them! And we divide five ways."

"Not that simple, Potsy," said his chief quietly.

"Why, there's five of us——"

"And four of you are only stooges. I'm boss, I get eighty percent. You others, five percent each."

"I'm satisfied," nodded one thug. "After all, we picked up plenty of cash in the Langford Trust. I got a pocketful."

"I'm not satisfied," growled Potsy, and a gun came out from under his coat. "If——"

A buzzer sounded somewhere above.

"The electric-eye signal," snapped Bronty. "Somebody's prowling around. Two of you—Potsy, you and Banjo—slide out among the trees and hook in whoever it is. Quick!"

The two designated slipped away down a tunnel, up through a hidden burrow and away among the trees. The three thugs who waited soon heard a knock at the upper door. Bronty, covered by tommy guns in the hands of his lieutenants, opened. Potsy stood there, with a prisoner bound and crestfallen—a pudgy, dull-faced prisoner——

"That's Woozy, Plastic Man's sidekick!" exclaimed Bronty.

"I know," Potsy nodded. "We found him nosing around. Banjo's out there, trying to sneak up on Plastic Man."

"That's more than a one-man job," said Bronty. "Go back, Potsy, and take Spike here with you."

The two men left, and Bronty faced the captive. "How did you track us, Woozy?"

"As soon as we knew you'd gone north, we just studied the marks of tire-treads," replied the little fellow. "The other cars all had new black market tires, same brand—so we figured you'd have 'em, too. And we followed you here."

"Woozy," said Bronty, "you weren't always a dope. Forget the law and Plastic Man. Help us snare and finish him. I'll cut you in on the Kimripore jewels——"

A knock. Banjo was back.

"We got Plastic Man!" he cried. "Those new explosive bullets did the trick! And Potsy and Spike are burying him!"

Bronty faced the worried Woozy. "Forget what I said. We don't need you now."

"No cut of the jewels?" suggested Woozy.

"The only cut you get is across the throat," said Bronty. "Bring him downstairs."

In the room with the jewels, Bronty nodded to Banjo. "Finish him, quick . . . Hey, what—you're CHANGING!"

"I've been changing all day," said Banjo, who ran a hand over his face, twitched out of his garments and stood up as Plastic Man. "First I captured Potsy and Banjo and came back as Potsy. Then I grabbed Spike—the FBI boys have him halfway back to town—and came back as Banjo. I wanted to be sure the jewels were safe——"

Bronty drew his gun. Plastic's fist shot halfway across the room, knocking the gang chief sprawling. Then, like a rubber ball, Plastic Man bounded upon the remaining thug.

"Snap that suitcase shut, Woozy, and get it out of here!"

Bronty staggered into one of the hidden passages, shaking his head to clear it. He heard sounds of conflict outside, that died away. He dared peep out.

Everyone was gone—but not everything. An object still lay in the center of the floor——

"The suitcase!" he breathed. "Woozy didn't get it, after all!"

Gun in one hand, he ran to the treasure, lifted it, and slid into another secret passage. He found a door, entered, locked the door behind him. He set down the suitcase, laid his gun on top.

There were no windows, no ventilators, no entrances but the locked door. Plastic Man might follow—surely would follow. But Bronty woud be ready. From his pocket he drew a vial of powerful corrosive acid. Carefully he poured it into the keyhole.

"Let him come in," he muttered. "That'll eat him down to the bones, if he has any bones in that rubberized carcass——"

"Isn't this cozy, all alone together?" said a voice he knew.

He whirled and looked at the suitcase on which his gun lay.

The suitcase shook itself, lifted a head. The luggage straps unfolded from around it, became legs. The handle lengthened into an arm, and took the gun in its hand. Plastic Man stood up.

"Just another of my disguises, Bronty," he said.

PLASTIC MAN
ON YOUR GUARD, DADE! I KNOW HE'S AROUND HERE, SOMEWHERE!
SPLAT
GREELEY
SOMEWHERE WOOZY READ WHAT HORACE GREELEY SAID: "GO WEST, YOUNG MAN, GO WEST,"
(FILL IN YOUR OWN LAST LINE!)

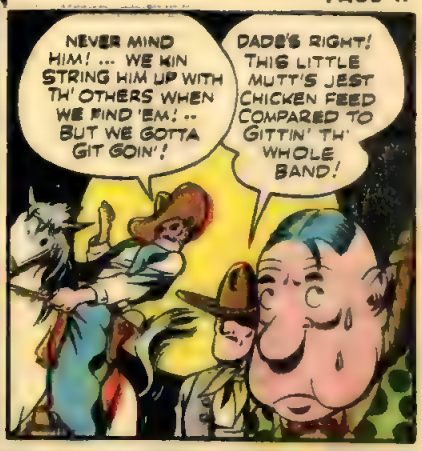
TOO BAD!...TOO BAD!
TOO BAD! ;SNIFF;
POOR GUY'S IN TROUBLE!
ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU, MISTER!
;SNIFF; IT'S JEST ONE O' THEM THINGS THAT HAPPENS, PARDNER! Y'GO A WHOLE LIFETIME A'WAITIN' FER A CERTAIN DAY ... AND THEN Y'ARE TOO OLD AND SICK T'MEET THAT DAY! THAT'S ME!
GOSH! WHAT HAPPENED?
I'LL TELL YUH, PARDNER! ... Y'GOT A KIND FACE, EVEN EF IT DOES LOOK LIKE IT'S GONNA FALL DOWN AROUND YER ANKLES!... I TRUST YUH!
FER TWENTY YEARS I BEEN A-TRYIN' TO LOCATE TH' MAP TO TH' OLD SAGAWAN MINE OUT IN TH' TECOS COUNTRY! A MINE JEST A-BUSTIN' WITH YALLER GOLD! WAL ... FINALLY I GIT HOLD O' TH' MAP AN' I COME HERE TO BUY SOME EQUIPMENT!
JOE'S LUNCH
AN' WHUT HAPPENS? I START GITTIN' PAINS HERE AN' THERE -- AN' I GO TO A SAWBONES WHO TELLS ME IF I EVER GIT OUT IN THET WESTERN AIR AG'IN -- I'M AS GOOD AS DAID! SO HERE I AM WITH A MAP WUTH MILLIONS AN' IT'S WUTHLESS TO ME!

GOLLY... I'M HEALTHY! MAYBE... NO... YOU WOULDN'T, WOULD YOU?
WAL ... I'LL TELL YUH, PARDNER ... TH' MAP AIN'T A-GONNA DO ME NO GOOD --AN', AS I SAY, YOU GOTTA KIND FACE AN' I KINDA LIKE YUH! NOW, HERE IT IS!
RIGHT THERE! MILLIONS IN GOLD! NOW I GOTTA HAVE SOME MONEY T'PAY TH' DOC!... I DON'T WANT MUCH, 'CAUSE I RECKON I'M GONNA BE CASHIN' IN MY CHIPS SOON, ANYHOW! LET'S SAY Y'GIVE ME A THOUSAND FER TH' MAP?
A THOUSAND!... BUT I AIN'T GOT THAT MUCH MONEY! NOBODY'S GOT THAT MUCH MONEY!
HOW MUCH YER GOT, PARDNER?
EIGHT BUCKS AN' THIRTY-FOUR CENTS!
GIVE IT HERE AN' TH' MAP'S YOURS!
GOOD LUCK, PARDNER! DON'T SPEND ALL THAT GOLD IN ONE PLACE!
GOSH! ... A GOLD MINE FOR EIGHT DOLLARS AND THIRTY-FOUR CENTS! HE SURE IS A SUCKER!...WAIT'LL I TELL PLASTIC MAN!
HONK
BEEP!
HONK
HEY, PLAS!... GET A LOAD OF THIS!

GUESS PLASTIC MAN ISN'T HERE! ... WELL... I'LL JUST LEAVE HIM A NOTE! I GOTTA GET OUT WEST AND FIND THAT MINE!
Later... when PLASTIC MAN comes home....
A NOTE FROM WOOZY!
Dear Plas: I'm a-goin out to the Texas country where I've bought a gold mine! When I see you, ag'in, I'll be rich. Gardner! Woozy
WOOZY'S GOING WESTERN IN A BIG WAY! ...WONDER WHAT SORT OF GAG HE FELL FOR, THIS TIME!
By thumb and by foot, by freight car, trailer and horseback. Woozy makes his way westward!
I DON'T SEE WHY THEY HAD TO MAKE THIS COUNTRY SO BIG IN THE FIRST PLACE!
And THEN!..
HOORAY! I'M ALMOST THERE! SO THEY'RE TOUGH, EH? WELL, THAT'S OKAY WITH ME!
SURE LOOKS DESERTED! .. WONDER WHO'S GOING TO HELP ME FIND MY WAY OUT TO THE MINE!

Meanwhile in the BLUE DOG SALOON...
THEM RUSTLERS SHOT AN' KILLED OLD RANCHER BLANCHARD! A BLANCHARD MAN HAD A LOOK AT ONE OF 'EM... SAID HE WAS A LITTLE FELLER WITH AN ORNERY, MEAN FACE -- A STRANGER IN THESE HERE PARTS!
WE'LL FIND THEM RUSTLERS AN' STRING 'EM UP!
SHORE!... LYNCH 'EM!
GOOD AFTERNOON, GENTLEMEN!
THAT'S THE LITTLE GUY! ...LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE HIM!
GIT 'EM UP, RUSTLER!
GULP! I DON'T GET THIS!
YOU WILL -- AROUND YOUR NECK!
HEY!... YOU CAN'T DO THIS! IT AIN'T LEGAL!
SEZ YOU!... IT'S LEGAL IN TECOS GULCH!
A LYNCHIN'!... HOT DAWG! NOW I KIN PRINT ME A NEWSPAPER STORY!
TECOS GAZETTE

I SAW TH' RUSTLERS HEADIN' FER TH' MOUNTAINS!
Y'DID?... WE GOT ONE OF 'EM RIGHT HERE! ... WE'RE GONNA STRING HIM UP NOW!

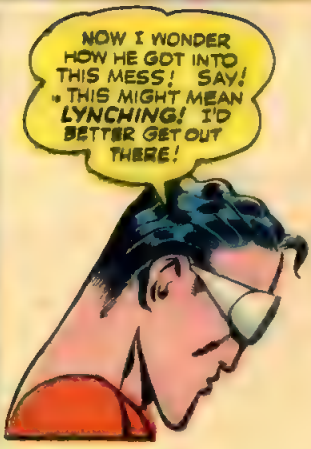

NEVER MIND HIM! ... WE KIN STRING HIM UP WITH TH' OTHERS WHEN WE FIND 'EM! .. BUT WE GOTTA GIT GOIN'!
DADE'S RIGHT! THIS LITTLE MUTT'S JEST CHICKEN FEED COMPARED TO GITTIN' TH' WHOLE BAND!

I WISH PLASTIC MAN WAS HERE!

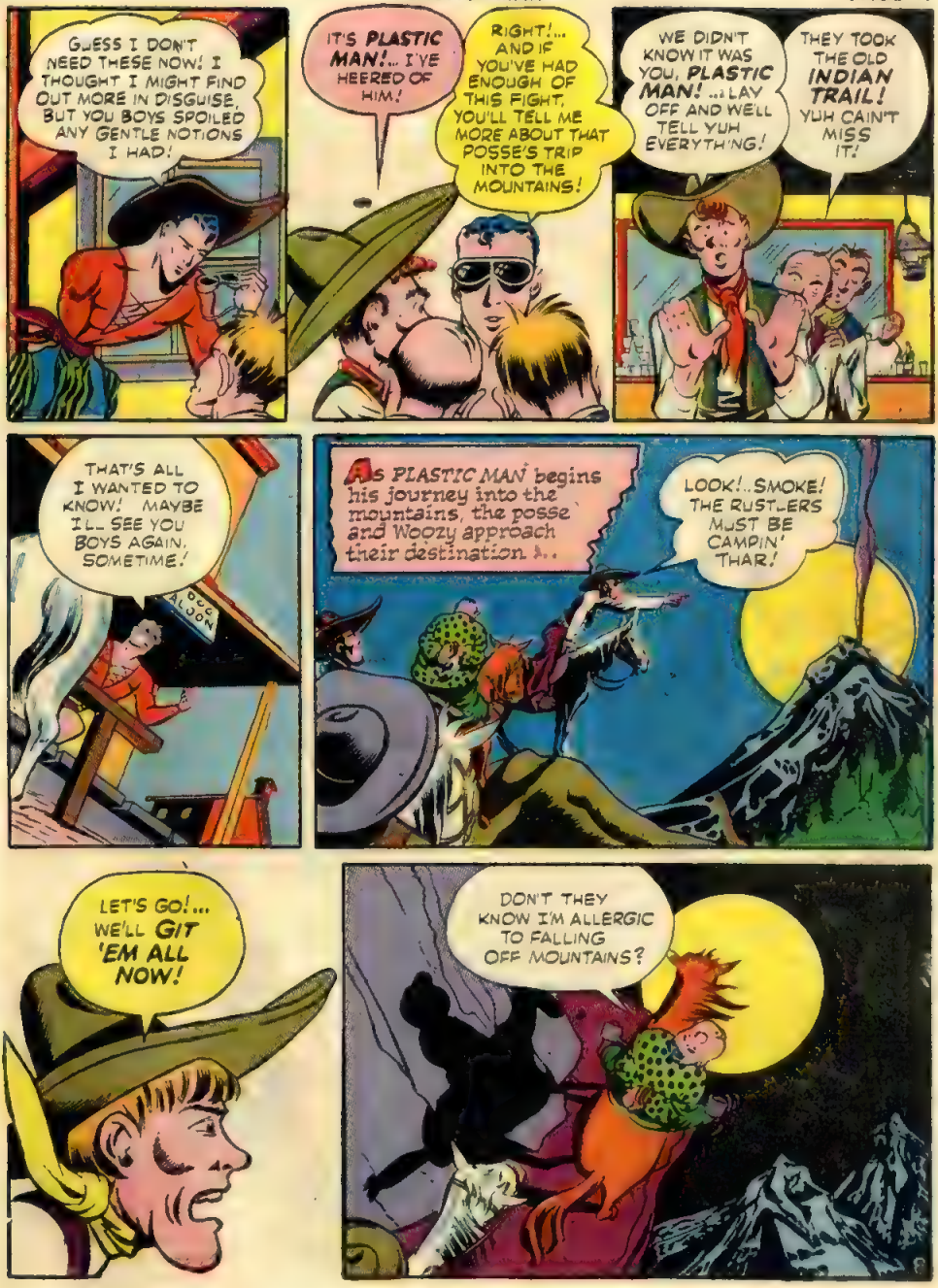
All day and far into the night, Woozy rides amidst the band of avenging cowboys....

In the meantime, in a distant city...
SAY, PLASTIC MAN, ISN'T THIS FUNNY-LOOKING DUCK YOUR FRIEND WOOZY? I HAD A BATCH OF WESTERN SMALL TOWN PAPERS BROUGHT IN BECAUSE I'M FOLLOWING THE WILTON CASE ... I JUST HAPPENED TO NOTICE THIS!
LET ME SEE IT!

TECOS GAZETTE
TECOS GULCH CITIZENS CAPTURE MEMBER OF RUSTLER-MURDER BAND


NOW I WONDER HOW HE GOT INTO THIS MESS! SAY! THIS MIGHT MEAN LYNCHING! I'D BETTER GET OUT THERE!

WE'LL BE THERE IN A FEW HOURS NOW!
AMERICAN AIRLINES
A few hours Later...
WHOA, BILL!
SALOON
A STRANGER! MUST BE ANOTHER O' THEM RUSTLERS!
MEBBE DADE AN THE POSSE DIDN'T NEED TER GO UP INTER TH' MOUNTAINS AFTER 'EM WITH TH' LITTLE GUY!
DRILL 'IM AFORE HE DRAWS!
NICE FRIENDLY FOLKS!
HEY! THEM BULLETS IS A-BOUNCIN' RIGHT OFFA HIM!
REMIND ME, SOMETIME, TO GIVE YOU COWPUNCHERS A LESSON IN ETIQUETTE!
OWWW!
AS A MATTER OF FACT--THIS MIGHT BE CALLED LESSON ONE!
7


GUESS I DON'T NEED THESE NOW! I THOUGHT I MIGHT FIND OUT MORE IN DISGUISE, BUT YOU BOYS SPOILED ANY GENTLE NOTIONS I HAD!
IT'S PLASTIC MAN!... I'VE HEERED OF HIM!
RIGHT!... AND IF YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS FIGHT, YOU'LL TELL ME MORE ABOUT THAT POSSE'S TRIP INTO THE MOUNTAINS!
WE DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS YOU, PLASTIC MAN! ...LAY OFF AND WE'LL TELL YUH EVERYTHING!
THEY TOOK THE OLD INDIAN TRAIL! YUH CAIN'T MISS IT!
THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW! MAYBE I'LL SEE YOU BOYS AGAIN, SOMETIME!
DOC ALOON
As PLASTIC MAN begins his journey into the mountains, the posse and Woozy approach their destination ...
LOOK!..SMOKE! THE RUSTLERS MUST BE CAMPIN' THAR!
LET'S GO!... WE'LL GIT 'EM ALL NOW!
DON'T THEY KNOW I'M ALLERGIC TO FALLING OFF MOUNTAINS?

UP WITH YER HANDS, RUSTLERS!
WH...?
McANDERS AND HIS MEN! AND YOU PRETENDIN' TO BE BLANCHARD'S FRIEND! I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WUZ A RUSTLER, McANDERS!
I AM HIS FRIEND! WHAT'S THE MEANIN' O' THIS, DADE!
SURE, YOU'RE HIS FRIEND! I SUPPOSE THAT'S WHY YOU RUSTLED FIVE HUNDRED HEAD O' HIS BEST CATTLE AND SHOT HIM DEAD!
THAT'S A LIE! I AIN'T SEEN BLANCHARD IN A MONTH!
AND I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GONNA TELL ME YOU DON'T KNOW THIS LITTLE COYOTE HERE AND THAT YUH DIDN'T SEND HIM INTO TOWN TO FIND OUT WHETHER YUH WUZ UNDER SUSPICION!
OF COURSE I DON'T KNOW HIM! ... THIS HERE IS RIDICULOUS! THESE TWO MEN AND I ARE ON OUR WAY TO CARSON'S POINT TO MEET SOME OF OUR BOYS WHO'RE DRIVIN' SOME CATTLE SOUTH FOR US!
PROBABLY CATTLE THEY STOLE FROM SOMEBODY ELSE! WELL, I GUESS WE DON'T HAVE TO HEAR ANY MORE, BOYS! LET'S GET TO WORK!
SHORE! STRING THEM RUSTLERS UP!
THERE'S A FINE TREE FOR IT OVER HERE!
STRING 'EM ALL UP TOGETHER AND DRIVE THEIR HORSES OUT FROM UNDER THEM!
9

LOOK! THERE'S A FELLER COMIN' UP HERE!
IT'S PLASTIC MAN! ... HE'LL FIX YOU MONKEYS FOR THIS!
PLASTIC MAN, EH? HE'S A BAD 'UN TO HAVE AROUND -- BUT I'LL SOON FIX THAT! GIVE ME MY SHOTGUN!
I'LL KNOCK HIM RIGHT OFF'N THE CLIFF!
BAM!
MORE FRIENDLY GUYS! I MUST BE GETTING NEAR THAT LYNCHING BEE! THIS HORSE IS GETTING TOO SKITTISH FOR A NARROW TRAIL LIKE THIS!
ZING
ZING
The noise of gunfire frightens PLASTIC MAN'S horse and---
HOLD ON, WHIRLAWAY!
But as the horse plunges downward...
WHOA, BOY!

THIS IS GOING TO CALL FOR EVERY BIT OF ELASTICITY IN ME!
THERE!... OLD DOBBIN'LL BE SAFE NOW!
WHEW!!! THAT FEELS BETTER!
NOW BACK TO THE BUSINESS AT HAND!
I'LL BLEND IN WITH THE SCENERY AND THEY'LL THINK THEY GOT ME!
THERE!... I MUST'VE SHOT HIM DEAD THIS TIME! I DON'T SEE HIDE NOR HAIR OF HIM!
ALL RIGHT!... STRING 'EM UP NOW! WE'VE DONE WASTED ENOUGH TIME!

LOOKS AS IF I'M HERE NOT A SECOND TOO SOON!
I'LL JUST BORROW THIS KNIFE!
I TELL YOU GUYS -- THIS IS A VERY SERIOUS MISTAKE!
DRIVE THEIR HORSES OUT!
HI, WOOZY! --GLAD TO SEE ME?
CHOKE GURGLE
PLAS!
THAT ROPE BROKE! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU FOOLS? -- COULDN'T YOU GIT A STRONGER ROPE?
NOW... TAKE A COUPLE OF DEEP BREATHS, GENTLEMEN!
IT'S THAT PLASTIC MAN! GIT HIM! WE'LL HANG HIM WITH THE REST OF 'EM!

COME AND GET IT, BOYS!
TSK-TSK!... AND YOU GUYS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE TOUGH!
I'M A LITTLE MIXED UP ABOUT THAT RUSTLING AND MURDER STORY!... SUPPOSE YOU EXPLAIN!
ATTA PLAS!
LET'S GIT!! T'AIN'T NO USE FIGHTIN' PLASTIC MAN!
LYNCHERS ARE THE MOST UNSOCIABLE PEOPLE IN THE WORLD!
DON'T HANG US, PLASTIC MAN! ..... T'WEREN'T OUR IDEA TO LYNCH THESE MEN! DADE LED US HERE!

WELL, NOW --- I HADN'T THOUGHT ABOUT HANGING YOU --BUT IT'S AN IDEA!
DON'T, PLASTIC MAN!... DON'T! LET ME GO AND I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING!
I'M READY TO LISTEN! THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, WOOZY! --KEEP AN EYE ON 'EM!
DON'T WORRY, PLAS!... I USED TO BE KNOWN AS SURE-SHOT WOOZY WINKS!
I WORK FOR DADE! HE'S BEEN RUSTLIN' BLANCHARD'S CATTLE AND HE HATES McANDERS! HE SHOT BLANCHARD, THEN SENT ME INTO TOWN TO STIR UP THE MEN! WHEN I SAW THIS LITTLE GUY, I DECIDED TO MAKE IT LOOK REAL BY IDENTIFYIN' HIM AS ONE O' THE RUSTLERS!
BY TH' GREAT HORN SPOON, DADE! ... YOU'RE A LOWER SKUNK THAN I THOUGHT YOU WERE!
YUH YALLER COYOTE! I'M A-GOIN' TER KILL YUH, EF IT'S TH' LAST THING I DO!
NO! DADE!
HEY! ...YOU CAN'T DO THAT! ... I'M GONNA SHOOT! ...SEE! --- GOSH! I'M MISSING! STAND STILL!

THAT'LL DO, DADE! YOU DON'T DESERVE IT, BUT WE'RE TAKING YOU BACK TO TOWN FOR A FAIR TRIAL!
ALL THIS LYNCHING FEVER SURE HAS HELD ME UP! I OUGHTA SUE THEM FOR KEEPING ME AWAY FROM MY GOLD MINE!
WHAT GOLD MINE!
HERE IT IS! --THE RICHEST GOLD MINE IN THE WEST!--I BOUGHT IT FOR EIGHT DOLLARS AND THIRTY-FOUR CENTS!
HMMM!
YOU WERE STUCK!... I'VE SEEN OTHER MAPS LIKE THIS! A SMALL-TIME CHISELER NAMED COWBOY JOE HAS BEEN TAKING SUCKERS WITH COPIES OF THIS SAME MAP FOR YEARS! THERE'S NO SUCH GOLD MINE!
NO KIDDIN'?... WHY, THE DIRTY--! I CAME ALL THE WAY OUT HERE AND ALMOST GOT LYNCHED ... AND WHAT ABOUT MY EIGHT BUCKS AND THIRTY-FOUR CENTS!
In town again, PLASTIC MAN turns his prisoners over to the Sheriff...
NICE WORK, PLASTIC MAN! I'D SHORE LIKE TO MAKE YUH ONE O' MY DEPRITIES IF YOU'D STAY IN THESE PARTS!
I'D LIKE TO SHERIFF-- BUT I HAVE ANOTHER JOB ELSEWHERE!
I WONDER WHAT'S HAPPENED TO WOODY!
THERE'S MORE GOLD IN THIS MINE THAN ANYWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD, PARDNER! I'D BE MINING IT MYSELF IF I WEREN'T SICK! AND I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT DIRT CHEAP!
WAL -- NOW...
NOW, NOW, WOODY! YOU KNOW THAT ISN'T NICE!
?
B-BUT GOSH, PLAS! ... I WASN'T GOING TO STICK HIM FOR MORE THAN EIGHT DOLLARS AND THIRTY-FOUR CENTS!!

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A VITAL BOOK

THE SHADOW OF THE BAT

Bumblebeeman (Udo P.)
(1961-08-13 - 2009-06-27)

We Will Never Forget ...

FLATTERMANN